JOHN BULL, week ending August 1, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1885

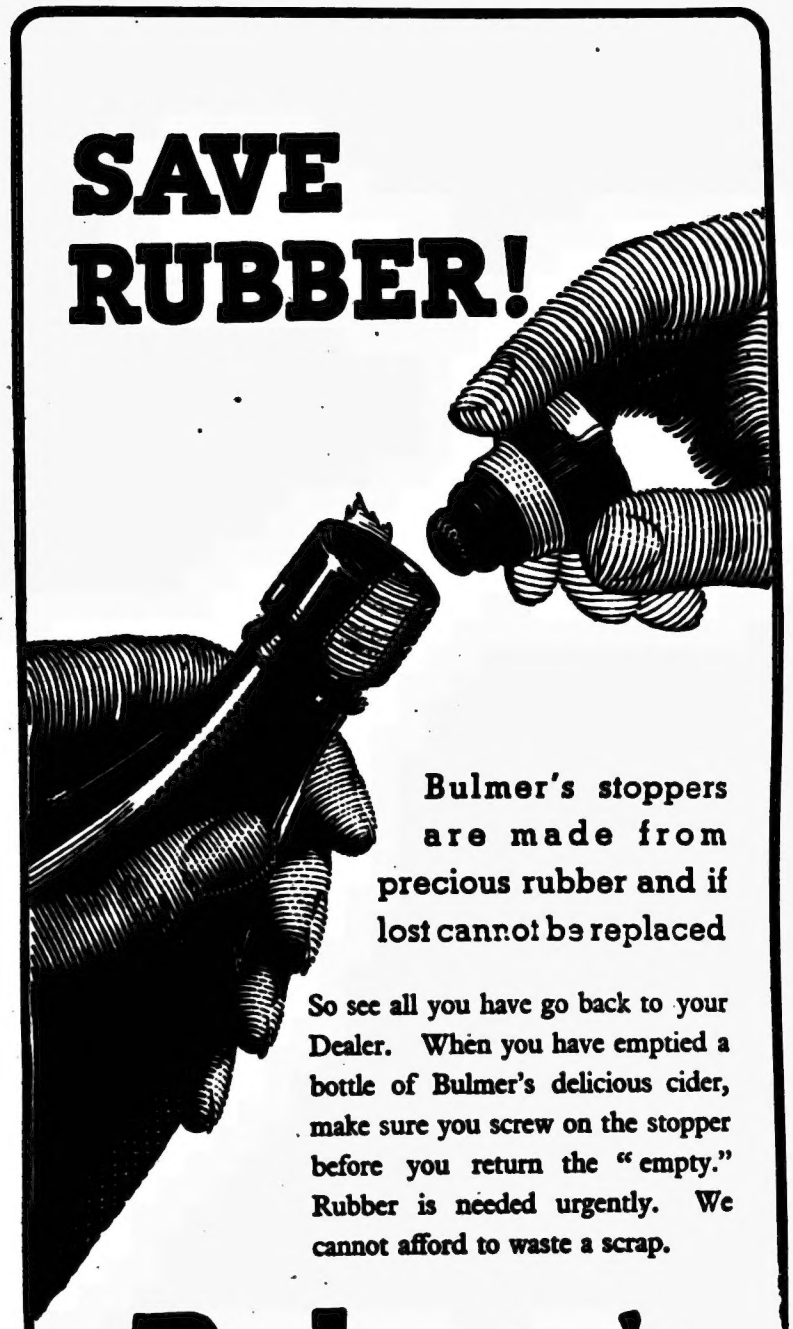
3D EVERY THURSDAY

THE ARMY'S BIG JOB By A.G.G.

GUINEAS FOR FORCES LETTERS

THIS 80 DAYS BUNK! By The EDITOR

SAVE RUBBER!



Bulmer's stoppers are made from precious rubber and if lost cannot be replaced

So see all you have go back to your Dealer. When you have emptied a bottle of Bulmer's delicious cider, make sure you screw on the stopper before you return the "empty." Rubber is needed urgently. We cannot afford to waste a scrap.

Bulmer's Cider

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD

reyds 46B

Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE THE 5-STAR **COCOA**

THE 5 STARS —

- ★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
- ★ IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER
- ★ PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
- ★ AID TO DIGESTION
- ★ VITAMIN D — VITAL TO HEALTH

5D PER QTR. LB.

Keep Maltesers as a treat for special occasions. When the kiddies enjoy the Maltesers they've well and truly earned — what a moment for them! Even in these days of scarcity you'll occasionally pick up a few for them if you keep a sharp look-out. And how they'll appreciate those irresistible honeycomb centres — that delicious malty flavour *and* the rich chocolate coating. Watch their faces and see!

"GRAND REWARDS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that if your Nerves are to keep steady and strong during these trying times; if, in fact, your Nervous System is to be nourished properly, your food must contain greater supplies than ever of the essential Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure* 'LIVE' *Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS contains **17 times more Vitamin B_1 than ¼-lb. Beef Steak—and you get extra nourishment from all your food.**

TakePHILLIPS Yeast with your meals; you'll be amazed at the improvement in NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS. It gives LIFE & VITALITY to all.

A DOCTOR writes:
"I am having most excellent results from your preparation—far exceeding any other Yeast."

All Chemists . . . . 1/5, 3/4½, 5/7½ (including Purchase Tax) Tablets

Ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST . . . the Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST is LIFE ITSELF!

THIS WEEK'S

FOOD FACTS

YOUR TOUR ROUND THE RATION BOOK

This year's main Ration Book is a much simpler affair than last year's three books, and you should get familiar with it from the start. So here we take you on a conducted tour, with stops at the principal objects of interest! *Cut this out and read it with the Ration Book in front of you.* Then you will see how simple it has all been made.

THE FRONT COVER. Check the entries with your identity card. If there is any difference report it to the Food Office.

PAGE 3. You should by now have filled in the details at X. See that they agree with those on the front cover. Fill in Y if under 18. Leave Z alone.

PAGE 5 is the first of the coupon pages. See how they are now all divided (Points as well) into four-weekly periods numbered 1 to 13. This will help you to "keep your place" and make shopping easier. *You have re-registered by now of course,* so the counterfoils have been cut out by the shops. You need not fill in the spaces marked B unless you deposit whole pages with your retailer.

PAGE 9 now combines in one the coupons for butter, margarine and cooking fats.

PAGE 11 will be used for the ordinary *and* the special ration of cheese.

PAGE 13 will record your purchases of eggs. Remember that you won't get them every week. Poultry keepers will get no shell eggs.

PAGE 15 combines sugar and preserves. The squares marked Q, R, S will not be used at present.

PAGE 17. Tea coupons will be cut out by the retailer, four at a time.

PAGES 25 to 36 are Points Coupon pages. They are just the same as those in the old pink book but the four-week periods are referred to by number instead of date.

PAGE 38 MUST CONTAIN THE NAMES AND ADDRESSES OF YOUR RETAILERS. It is illegal to use the Ration Book if these are not filled in. The column on the left is for noting the deposit of whole pages.

PAGE 39. Fill in if you deposit any rows of Points Coupons, *also fill in the bottom line if you deposit your tea coupon page.* Note this specially because it is new.

THE BACK COVER (page 40) has two panels. Panel 1 (at the top) will be used for soap, which may still be bought at any time during the four-weekly period. Panel 2 will not be used yet.

THE CHILD'S BOOK R.B.2 will be used in exactly the same way except that the tea coupons will be marked when oranges are bought, and will not be cut out.

YOUR OLD RATION BOOKS should be kept until the end of August. They may still be needed — for instance for July preserves, or your first tin of dried eggs. If they contain special authorisations keep them until these are used up. Do not transfer them to your new book.

POULTRY KEEPERS
Your feeding-stuff ration questions are answered in the Quiz Leaflet now available at all Food Offices or from the Ministry of Agriculture & Fisheries, "Glendower", North Promenade, St. Annes-on-Sea, Lancs.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 105

Vision . . .

Not everyone knows that the original "Ark Royal," flagship of the Lord High Admiral in our Spanish Armada victory, was but another sidelight on Raleigh's faith and vision, for he himself provided it.

Never did this mighty son of Devon miss an opportunity . . . the moral comes home now!

'Without vision,' says the ancient proverb, 'the people perish.'

To visualise the best, and then to know no obstacle, has always been the policy and purpose of those who make the Raleigh Cycle—and always will be.

Raleigh Cycles are rationed. Register your order with your dealer, but try to carry on with your existing machine and leave the new bicycles for war workers.

RALEIGH
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO. LTD., LENTON, NOTTINGHAM

RN67

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia,' 1/5 and 2/10 (treble quantity). (*Including Purchase Tax.*) Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. (*Including Purchase Tax.*) Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips preparation of Magnesia.

TIRED FEET now a thing of the past

Particularly in the summer months the agony caused by tired feet can be almost unbearable, causing shortness of temper and general depression. The remedy is simple. Bathe the feet in warm water at night, carefully drying them, then thoroughly massage them with CADUM OINTMENT. In the morning rub in CADUM OINTMENT again, particularly on the heels and the ball-joints (the points that take the main weight of the body during the day). Your feet will never let you down again. Of all chemists 1/5 and 3/5 a box (including tax).

CADUM
the wonder-healing ointment

37

Sorry Madam!
We apologise for the present shortage. Rationing of materials has enforced it. We try to distribute fairly what we do make, so keep asking your grocer until his stock arrives.
HARLEQUIN
SPONGE PUDDINGS

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, August 1, 1942, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

Straight from the Shoulder

CALL TO ARMS

THE war situation is grimly grey, not black.

Great opportunities beckon the United Nations. All along the World Front can be seen salient possibilities for wresting the initiative from the Axis.

Man of Genius

Timoshenko, that marvel of a marshal, is repeating the history of last year.

His armies fight their way out of a gigantic trap. They lose a province as big as Britain.

But they are saved, in the nick of time, to fight again. And all the while the marshal brings up vast reserves from beyond the Urals to hurl a furious counter-attack on the enemy's flanks.

Looking Ahead

Weeks must elapse before we can be sure he will save the Caucasus. Then, no doubt, there will be a brief autumn pause before a winter offensive to drain the enemy's strength, sap his morale, and force him to retreat.

A second Russian winter would tax even the German power of recovery.

We Must Help

But can Timoshenko hold out? Will he be strong enough to retake the offensive—even if Japan does not stab him in the back?

More of Russia's industrial regions have been lost. The vast coal-fields of the Don Basin are in flames.

To make good such losses, Britain must send the U.S.S.R. even more supplies than we have promised. We must also strive to *advance* the day when we can open the Western Front with certainty of success.

The Auk Attacks

In Egypt, the position is equally fluid and ferocious.

There has been a sudden deterioration in enemy tactics, a great improvement in our own.

For the first time, we are showing a superiority of method in armoured warfare that promises well for a Western Front.

Caution and Hope

We must be cautious in our hopes, for so often we have been disappointed.

Yet if we can make Egypt secure and destroy the enemy's armour before heavy reinforcements reach him, then our great chance in the Mediterranean will come.

Japan Moves

Look next to the Far East, which has received too little attention of late.

Japanese troops are moving into Manchuria. Washington believes that an attack on Russia's eastern frontier is imminent.

But our American friends are also having to watch their own frontiers. And Australia is still on the danger list.

Another Midway!

More Japanese are reaching the Aleutians, those Pacific stepping-stones to the U.S. western coast. So a second attack on Dutch Harbour is likely.

But should the second end in the same way as the first—a Japanese disaster at Midway—then the Japanese naval power would be broken.

Bombing Offensive

Not that we can afford to underestimate Japan's strength. The wise Chinese do not do so.

General Stillwell's bombers are ranging over Hankow and Nanking while the Chinese battle for Wenchow.

That battle is of supreme importance. From Wenchow, Allied bombers could strike at Tokio itself.

Final Offensive

Meanwhile, the main armies of Chiang Kai-shek prepare for their paramount offensive against the invaders.

They have just been promised further supplies. For the sake of all the United Nations, they must receive the utmost aid with the utmost speed.

Harvest Prospects

In Germany, the harvest is bad—very bad. Given fair weather, ours should be good—very good. In Italy, the food situation is worse than bad.

The Italians smile at having to converse with their German "lodgers" in English. They do not smile at anything else: they may well become desperate if the coming winter sees the United Nations holding the initiative.

Bands of Heroes

A Western Front would also bring profound changes in the Balkans, where the regular army of General Mihailovitch and the guerillas of starving Greece are making headway against the Axis forces.

Weaken those forces of occupation and we shall give the Serbs and the Greeks a real chance of cleaning up the Balkans!

Awaiting the Day

Thus it is with all the Occupied Countries.

In France, so short of food that a rabbit costs 17s. and the death rate rises at a prodigious pace, the tide of fury is reaching its peak and admiration abounds for the gallantry of the Fighting French.

In Belgium, where tuberculosis ravages the land; among the sullen Dutch and the impatient Norwegians, great numbers of the people await our signal to revolt.

Facing the Task

Before we can give that signal, we must make sure that both our planning and our production are equal to the unprecedented demands made upon us.

Are we sure? Were all the criticisms answered and doubts allayed by the recent vote in Parliament?

Time to Change

There are few people who would care to express confidence in our unwieldy, slow and makeshift war organisation.

Yet there is still time to change that system.

To-morrow's battle must be plotted to-day; it is now that we should scrutinise our plans and make good our defects in supply.

Shaping the Plans

"A joint chief of a joint general staff, representing no one Service but intent only on strategical planning and strategical direction of the war, has long been needed and is needed more each day."

That is what the American Press was saying recently. President Roosevelt has answered it by appointing Admiral Leahy as his chief of staff to plan America's war efforts throughout the world.

That criticism has long been made of our own system. And it has not yet been answered.

Tied Down

Our own chiefs of staff are burdened with routine work. They cannot devote all their attention to military planning and co-ordination.

In the Cabinet itself, our best Ministers are tied by routine duties. Bevin, Eden, Anderson, Lyttelton—all have great Departments to administer or supervise; Cripps has his time taken up by Parliamentary business.

So they have to delegate their most important work—the strategic direction of the war—to a Defence Committee!

Excuse for Inaction

All through our war organisation, indeed, decisions are deferred and action delayed because of our leaders' reliance on committees.

Committees spring up like mushrooms overnight, and the more committees appointed the greater the number that must be consulted before any decision is taken.

Thus speed is sacrificed for ponderosity and initiative paralysed by procrastination.

Confounding Confusion

The ability to act promptly and fearlessly is denied even to the highest officials. So "bottle-necks" continue and bureaucracy grows ever more complex and unmanageable.

The latest report of the Select Committee on National Expenditure tells of bottle-necks in supplies to ordnance factories. Such defects are common all through our war production.

Yet even the Minister of Production has not the authority that his title should imply!

Action, Please

Still the door is slammed in the faces of scientists and technicians who could improve our production and devise new instruments of war.

Still there is duplication of effort and overlapping of administration.

It is at this juncture, before we embark on a decisive development of the war, that all these defects must be remedied.

Towards Victory

The next phase of the war will be gravely momentous.

The call to arms is sounding for all of us; the most imperative call in all our history, a call to work and strive as never before.

But our work must be well organised, our plans well laid, if we are to seize our opportunities and shorten the war!

(Continued overleaf)

GIVE THEM FOOD

● Married women are urged to take up war work. But naturally they ask: "What about our children's midday meal?"

To which Officialdom proudly answers: "Why, they'll have dinner at school."

Officialdom's pride is misplaced. All too often, the dinners aren't available because the mothers cannot plead poverty.

So women war workers in many districts must either give up their jobs or let their children become under-nourished.

Such is the dilemma of a Pontypridd woman who, by becoming an invoice clerk, has released a man for the Forces.

Her two delicate children have to be fed. So she wrote to the Director of Education, offering to provide medical certificates in respect of them.

The director was sympathetic but helpless. The school kitchen can provide dinners for only 700 of the 1,200 children entitled to free meals on the score of poverty!

There are many women who have no relatives, no kindly neighbours, to look after their youngsters' meals.

They can point to an inexcusable and serious defect in the Government's plan to recruit more women for industry.

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

AND COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS FOR EVERY READER

Registered readers automatically qualify for the full benefits of "John Bull's" 1942 Free Wartime Security Gift. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. Registration Forms can be obtained on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WE'VE caught the Germans napping.

They have been so busy sending fighter 'planes to Russia that our day bombers have been able to pierce their defences with incredibly light losses.

So, in preparing for an all-out attack, let us not forget our own defences!

No Warning

A German 'plane appeared recently over a certain town early one morning. Round and round it went, flying so low that people rushed from their homes to look at it.

There was no siren, no gunfire, no British fighter to be heard.

Then, having dropped its load, it went on to machine-gun people in the streets.

Cloud Cover

True, it was aided by cloud cover. But the townsfolk argue that the raider could surely have been "picked up" during the ten minutes or so it spent over the district.

A JOHN BULL man found nothing to prevent him from entering the bombed area next day. He saw certain informative notices posted up, and stopped to read them without challenge.

He might have been an enemy agent!

Long Wait

Indeed, the whole of our after-bombing services need tightening up.

People living near Southend-on-Sea, for example, are still waiting for workmen to repair their houses that were bombed considerably more than a year ago.

Of course, they've received plenty of promises. But promises do not restore broken windows or mend broken roofs.

Souvenirs for Fathers

York, however, is more enterprising. Sixty handsome drawing-room souvenirs are being made from the oak beams of the destroyed Guildhall and presented to members of the City Council.

Technically, of course, the oak belongs to all the citizens. But so far as we know the City Fathers have no intention of giving handsome souvenirs to the humbler citizens who were bombed out.

On Parade

Nor, so far as we know, was the A.T.C. formed for the purpose of forcing lads into the Church. Surely its aim is to train them for the R.A.F.?

We ask because of advertisements which suggest that A.T.C. lads absent from church parade without written proof that they were engaged on A.R.P. duties will be deemed to have resigned.

When in the R.A.F. they will naturally be subject to military discipline. But while in the A.T.C. they are still civilians and should be permitted the civilian's rights.

King of Spain

Quite as big is the principle involved in the growing anxiety of some British busybodies to restore the Spanish throne.

They fear that when the Axis is defeated the Franco régime will collapse. And, though they pay lip-service to democracy here, they are unwilling to see a revival of democracy abroad.

Sold

So they plan instead a revival of the Spanish monarchy.

Apparently the Spanish people are to have no say in the matter. The people who fought and bled in their struggle for liberty, who were beaten only by German bombers and Italian guns, who are now starving, and of whom a million are still languishing in filthy prisons, are to be sold into a new captivity!

For and Against

We all know that the old Spanish monarchy was not to be compared with our own. We all know of its autocracy and its corruption.

Most of us will hope that the movement for its restoration will receive no support from the British Foreign Office and the U.S. State Department.

Particularly as the proposal seems agreeable to Hitler, Mussolini, Pétain, Laval, and those "Friends of Franco" here who raised no objection when German 'planes wiped out Guernica, who raise no protest at the fuelling of U-boats in Spanish ports, and who look down their noses at our Russian allies.

Mr. Churchill's Warning

The Prime Minister will surely look askance at them. Back in 1938 he warned us that if Franco won his Nazi backers would force him into brutal suppressions of liberty. He told us that the Spanish republicans were our real friends.

He would now do another service to democracy if he made it clear that Britain will never give official backing to any move designed to perpetuate Spain's loss of freedom.

Good Work—

Officialdom can show good sense.

Witness the treatment of six Clydeside engineers who were bombed out of home and jobs sixteen months ago. They drew their savings from the bank and started their own factory in a billiards-room.

Getting a small order, they completed it in record time. Officialdom became interested and gave them a subsidy. Now the six have become thirty-four—all working twelve-hour shifts.

—And Bad

But Officialdom can also make nonsense of our people's readiness to work for the war effort.

Witness the Scots riveter who tells us he has not earned his wages in the last three months just because there isn't enough work to go round.

Order-Starved

It is not only the employees who complain.

A rich man, wanting to do his bit and knowing something of engineering, got hold of an expensive American machine-tool and started a workshop in the grounds of his house. His workers are as keen as himself—but he cannot get enough orders to keep busy!

The Years Go By

Another man, whose machine shops are engaged on priority work for three Ministries, applied for permission to employ women labour.

That was on July 1 last year. Despite reams of correspondence, he is still awaiting permission.

So valuable new machines have been idle for more than a year!

All Change

Another firm, engaged on Government work to the extent of 97½ per cent., is having its best women workers taken away to serve as railway porters or clerks.

At the same time, it is urged to find and train more women to increase its production.

Thus Officialdom blunders on.

Riding to Walk

More usefully, it should investigate a new N.F.S. story brought to our notice.

Every other morning, we understand, several fire engines leave their station to carry the crews to a square not a hundred yards away—where the men practise foot drill.

Starting Work

The new Ministry of Fuel is urgently considering the anomaly discussed in these columns—that many private consumers of gas and electricity have to use a certain minimum amount or be penalised by the companies.

Incidentally, it is good to know that the Ministry is *not* engaging thousands of waste-prevention officers, as first report suggested. Actually, only one has so far been appointed.

Crowded Out

Servicemen stationed in a Middlesex camp used to get Saturday afternoon leave. The privilege has now been withdrawn.

Why? Because civilians complained that the streets were so crowded with troops that they could not shop in comfort!

Which proves two things: The Services are anxious to meet the public's wishes. And the wishes of a selfish minority can easily misrepresent the public as a whole.

Holy Smoke!

Thus, in a Scottish district where never a bomb has fallen, some women are complaining that smoke from an Army cookhouse spoils the view from their garden.

They have no objection, however, to men dying on their behalf.

Class-conscious!

Nor, we presume, do the L.M.S. railway directors believe that only officers should be allowed to engage the enemy.

Yet we understand that the company refuses to deliver parcels to anyone under the rank of sergeant at a certain aerodrome!

Speeding

Incidentally, the Army has speeded up the postal service from Egypt despite the enormous new difficulties in the way of transport.

Letters are now reaching this country by ordinary mail within 17 days—a remarkable achievement.

What a Crime!

Surely the Kent police have more urgent jobs in the midst of a terrible war than the fussy, grandmotherly prevention of local raffles?

One little town has raised nearly £400 for the Red Cross and St. John organisation by competitions for prizes. Now the police have intervened—*and weekly food parcels to prisoners-of-war may have to be cut down through lack of funds!*

Half a Loaf

The majestic but sometimes petty Law is also being invoked by some bakers who, having sold all their small loaves, refuse to sell half a large loaf.

"It is against the law," they explain loftily, "for us to cut a loaf or to allow you to do so on the counter."

Which is the sort of petty foolery that makes life really difficult!

No and Yes

Quite a few publicans have hit on another slick trick.

"No stout," they tell you if you ask in the public bar. But go round to the saloon bar and you'll get your stout for the price of 11½d.

You see, it would have been 9d. in the public bar.

Where the Petrol Goes

A man living in a small wooden cottage in Herts, a mile from any main road, orders his provisions from a store seven miles away.

Every Saturday a small van arrives with his meat, a somewhat bigger one with his bread, and a third, bigger than an Army lorry, with his general groceries for a family of three.

Four vans have been known to call in a day. And the petrol authorities can have more details if they like.

Behind the News

- **Swiss Government threatens drastic measures if the Nazis cast covetous eyes on Europe's "island of peace."**
- *One false move, say the Swiss, and all the railway tunnels, linking Germany and Italy across Swiss territory, will be blown up. It would take years to repair them.*
- The vast new recruiting drive to mobilise every available German for military service is well under way, and its system is an obvious copy of our Home Guard. Every German must now be available for military service at a moment's notice.
- **Ex-Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria heads a group of leading Germans who do not share Hitler's optimism; they have gone to a neutral country "for the duration."**
- *Latest of Nazi "impregnable" Continental Defences is the Flak-Fleet, small ships mounting A.A. guns. Unluckily for the crews, repercussion from gunfire threatens to throw them into sea.*
- Germany, Italy and Japan are all staking identical claims in the Middle East, and send out their own agents to compete with one another rather than to concentrate on their objectives.
- **Christianson, military commander of Holland, has been killed by Dutch patriots. Probably the cruellest of all Nazi officers in the West, he was the son of a *Luftwaffe* general.**
- *Swedes are resisting German demands for more high-grade iron ore. Goering cannot feed his factories from nearer sources owing to railway dislocation caused by R.A.F.*
- Shock for *Gestapo*—shooting back by food rioters in Axis countries. Frantic search is going on to discover how arms were secured, and if bought, where the money came from.
- **Women from occupied countries have been stopped from working for Nazi food front. They are blamed for poisoning huge stocks of food.**
- **250,000 Reichswehr *troops have been withdrawn from northern front, and posted in German towns, because of public's demand for better shelter protection.***

Without Fear or Favour — *By the Editor*

THIS "80 DAYS" BUNK!

WHEN Oliver Lyttelton, Minister of Production, warned us that "the next eighty days" would be some of the gravest we have ever faced he did not exaggerate.

But he neither said nor implied that, if we and the Russians can see them through without disaster, the war will be all over bar the shouting.

Unfortunately, some people seem to think he did. They have been ticking off the days ever since—like schoolboys looking forward to the holidays!

This is dangerous nonsense, and we must have no more of it.

JOHN BULL reminds its readers how often some public speaker has set a period to crisis and how frequently others have predicted that Hitler "can't possibly last out another winter."

The only sensible thing for the Government and the people to do is to ignore dates and forecasts and count upon nothing but their own efforts.

The way to hasten victory is to plan and act now for constantly increasing striking power. Spurts of effort are not enough. This grim struggle may end soon or late, but it will call for all our staying power to the finish.

There must be no slacking off in any way whatever and yet, even during these "eighty days," national savings are down instead of up.

We have scant respect for bankers' opinions as such. Nevertheless, we accept their recent warning to the Chancellor that the public needs to cut down purchases of consumer goods by another £150,000,000 a year to avoid serious risk of inflation.

That means the average family of four should spend six shillings a week less and put the money into war savings.

Here lies the clear duty of the individual. The no less clear duty of the Government is to encourage economy by every means in its power and, should that fail, to enforce it.

How? By rationing more and more commodities that are semi-luxuries; by increased purchase tax; by restriction of supplies to retailers; or by total prohibition as circumstances may dictate.

The Food Ministry should, as far as possible, withdraw all "luxury" foods from the market. It certainly ought to do so whenever there is a practicable way of preserving them.

It may not be possible to ration perishable goods in short supply and, to that extent, the longer purse must continue to have the advantage.

But we see no reason why seasonal gluts could not be largely avoided by bottling, and the new process of drying. We could cut down imports proportionately.

THERE is no excuse for waste of any kind, but no nation-wide attempt has yet been made to deal with "surplus" garden and allotment produce.

Local authorities are chiefly to blame in this matter, but, as we have already pointed out, the Government ought to organise, through them, a national system for the collection and distribution of these valuable surpluses.

Local Councils and the Government are equally to blame for the relative inefficiency of the national salvage campaign.

There is a manifest lack of central direction and drive. Our people are not children to be scared by the threat of huge penalties, which can hardly ever be enforced, or inspired by funny little stories about clothing fifty Commandos out of that "inch of darning wool" which each virtuous family might save.

They only need to be told plainly what is expected of them and then to be given proof that the authorities are ready to work with them in a thoroughly business-like way.

Let collections of salvage be more frequent, more regular and better organised. Once that were done, the British housewife would take fresh heart in the sorting and saving of all the household waste.

How can she be expected to take this serious matter as seriously as it deserves while, in so many districts, collections are haphazard and she sees her carefully sorted salvage dumped into a general receptacle?

Let us remember that, even if we were to win the war in eighty days we should still need to practise drastic economy for many months, if not for years.

It is essential to practise it to-day under firm direction and keen control. Both are lacking.

The Government's fuel economy campaign is a tragic instance of tinkering with a vital problem. There has been much publicity, but little punch behind it. Millions of forms have been distributed.

This is no way to enlist, and much less to ensure, the public's co-operation. The present position fairly bristles with inequalities and future prospects offer no assurance of a square deal for all consumers.

Most people would welcome fuel rationing if there are fair and sensible measures to secure equal distribution. But they are rightly indignant at the slow-motion methods of the Government in getting to grips with the problem.

Incidentally, we are still receiving complaints from readers who are buying their electricity at flat rates and who have to meet the standing charge no matter how much they economise.

In such cases the local electricity undertaking positively encourages the consumer to use at least enough light and power to justify flat costs. We cannot understand the necessity for the urgent inquiry now being made by the Ministry into this anomaly, because so obvious a difficulty should have been foreseen and provided for.

If there were *only* eighty days in which to lay the foundations of victory, we should certainly have our hands full. Let us, then, behave as though there were not a moment to lose. And, indeed, there is not.

Fire-watching ought already to be at concert-pitch. Is it? A million watchers, who should be trained "fighters," can tell you that it is not.

True, Miss Ellen Wilkinson has *said* that every one of these must be given proper training at once, but the Government's pious resolve has *not* been implemeted by the local authorities.

Here, again, they have not got to grips with the problem. In many areas there has been no training at all.

Indeed, when they do get down to the problem it will be found that there are many elderly or medically unfit men and women who have registered but who would be quite incapable of any heavy fire fighting.

HOME Guards *can* now be conscripted. In some districts they *are* being called up. But the lack of co-ordination between the Government and the regional chiefs is still apparent.

As witness the curious anomaly of those zealous Civil Defence Workers who, being invited to train for H.G. "Category 2," have responded to this appeal, but are still waiting for uniforms and equipment, what time rival authorities wrangle as to who is to issue them!

JOHN BULL repeats that it is pernicious nonsense to divide this immense and desperate war into any given period of time. Our fight is to the finish and "crisis" will continue until the day of victory—and, perhaps, beyond.

Let the Government and the people both face this cardinal fact and then, with all urgency, get down to the job of smashing Hitlerism bit by bit, day by day, until nothing is left of the vilest tyranny the world has ever known.

One Million Murders

MR. CHURCHILL'S reminder that the Jews were Hitler's first victims may focus attention on the apalling fact that one million of these people have been murdered by the Nazis.

This is the estimate, as reliable as is possible, but, of course, the full tragic toll cannot be accurately computed until after the war.

It is looking ahead to that day which makes the prospect all the more appalling because Hitler has shrieked that he will exterminate the Jewish race in Europe.

When he originally made the threat, he said it would be carried out in the event of war breaking out in Europe, and no doubt it was then intended mainly as blackmail. He imagined that, with this hanging over them, world Jewry would be compelled by sheer fear to support the appeasement policy he was so anxious to secure so that he could use surprise to attain his aims.

★ ★ ★

In its way, this fiendish cunning was the creation, while we were still at peace, of the monstrous policy of hostages which Hitler practises now on such a large and cruel scale in all countries overrun by his armies.

But the blackmail did not work, and—as always happens when his will is defied—he had his fit of fury and started taking vengeance on his Jewish hostages in Germany.

Now, when Nazi barbarity is claiming victims of every race and faith, I suppose it is not unnatural that the special plight of the Jews should pass almost unnoticed.

★ ★ ★

Yet it is a curious fact that in pre-war days the murder of the first dozen Jews by Brown Shirts in Germany was given more publicity than the wholesale massacre now taking place every day throughout Nazi occupied Europe.

It is the greatest slaughter of hostages in the history of mankind perpetrated on an entire race without regard for sex or age. Only Hitler's man-power problem and the possibility that he may be able to employ Jews of serviceable age in slave labour have stopped it being carried even farther.

What is happening seems only explainable from the point of view of the mentality of bandits, surrounded by police, who know that they are doomed anyway.

They are determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible by "taking with them" as many foes as they can and cling, instinctively, to the hope that the United Nations may be forced to make some miraculous bargain rather than allow the slaughter to go on indefinitely.

That, too, is the mentality behind Hitler's threat to kill not only more Jews, but also Poles, Czechs, Serbs and all other unfortunate human beings under his dominion at present.

Can anything be done to stop it?

The problem is not only difficult, but perhaps insoluble.

Counterthreats of retaliation on the hundreds of thousands of Germans abroad who have notoriously supported the Nazi cause, especially in North and South America and South Africa, might help.

★ ★ ★

But it is doubtful, because Hitler knows that even for the sake of such justifiable retaliation as this, the civilised world would never sink to his own level of barbarity.

No, it is one of the most dreadful issues raised by this most ruthless of all wars.

The only comforting thought which comes from the orgy of blood is that it is an unmistakable sign of Hitler's fear of the future—an admission of his weakness.

A gangster runs amok because he is cornered, and knows it!

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Lord President of the Council

DEAR SIR,—Where is the money going?

We are now spending £127,000,000 a year on subsidies for food and goods "in common use by people in the lower income groups," to use your own words.

If that vast sum is doing nothing to increase private profits and create a new army of social parasites, I have no grumble. Increase it, and still I shall not complain.

But in three years we have been given no sort of balance-sheet. We do not know if the money is being wisely spent.

We know only that the middlemen seem to be doing pretty well—better, indeed, than they have ever done before.

I mentioned last week a Kent wholesale greengrocer who boasts of having already made a fortune of £15,000 during this war. I told of other middlemen who are making big investments in property.

Similar reports come from every part of the country.

Merchants and contractors just "don't know what to do with their money."

You cannot be unaware of the rush to buy diamonds, securities, country houses—anything that will hold "surplus money" till after the war.

And you will not wonder at the public's suspicion that a lot of the money we hand out in subsidies is finding its way into the already-bulging pockets of the newly rich.

If this is true, then plainly it is grossly unfair to the small retailers who are having their shops shut up. It is unfair to the consumers. It is a betrayal of Servicemen and war workers alike.

If it be true, moreover, it must bring nearer to us all the danger of inflation—that danger which the Government has wisely striven to avert.

Inflation could succeed where Hitler has failed.

It would turn the savings and earnings of every one of us into waste paper. It would make mockeries of those agreements between employers and workers that have resulted from generations of struggle.

Well, it must not be allowed to happen.

By all means let us spend £127,000,000 a year in fighting this menace—but let there be no leaks from the money-bags!

You, as our G.O.C. Home Front, can set our minds at rest by giving us the facts.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, M.P., Minister of Supply

SIR.—One of our biggest hospitals possesses a delicate and highly expensive apparatus essential to the treatment of many diseases.

It broke down. Various firms of scientific instrument makers, although told of the urgency, couldn't promise repair in less than three months, for they hadn't the skilled labour available.

The hospital appealed to a branch of the Army which employs highly skilled technicians.

Gallantly, these men undertook to rush the job through in their own time. They showed a JOHN BULL representative the result. There was a perfect repair in two days.

Our representative rang up a number of surgeons—one of them a man doing a great deal of work for wounded Servicemen.

They not only confirmed that it was difficult to get surgical instruments repaired, but complained that it was becoming next to impossible to buy new some of the more important of them.

Yet my inquiries show that delicate and expensive tools still reach the luxury jewellery trade. Super-hard files, made in Germany in the last twelve months, and brought to this country *via* Switzerland, are being openly touted round jewellery circles in London.

I am not going to stretch the parallel. I am not going to dogmatise.

I am merely going to say: Let the needs of Humanity have first call on our best technicians and materials!—JOHN BULL.

Captain HAROLD BALFOUR, M.P., Vice-President of the Air Council

DEAR SIR,—When the youth of the country is being urged to enrol in the Air Training Corps, there remains a preposterous, mean and astonishing anomaly to hinder training.

Before the cadets can take passenger flights in Service aircraft, their parents must sign an indemnity form.

This binds them not to seek compensation for any accident the lads may incur as a result of the training flights!

Reasonable parents are willing that their sons should fly. But they are not willing that the Air Ministry should disclaim responsibility in this fashion.

And so many lads are disappointed, feel a grudge against their parents, cannot pursue their training to its logical conclusion.

Why not do the decent thing and mend this defect in an otherwise admirable scheme?—JOHN BULL.

Lord BRIDGEMAN, Director General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—"Conscript," I hear, is a word that must not be heard in Home Guard circles.

"Men directed into the Home Guard by the Minister of Labour" is the term preferred.

But why distinguish at all between men who have all got the same job of work to do?

There's no such nonsense in the Royal Navy. There's very little in the Army.

And the R.A.F., which brands war time personnel with absurd little "V.R." initials so that you mightn't make the awful mistake of mistaking them for peace time airmen, is likely, I hear, to drop this silliness.

What is important is not when, why, or how a man joined the Service, but how good a recruit he is!—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR and COUNCILLORS, Erith, Kent

GENTLEMEN,—A fortnight ago I stated that many of your workers had been granted a day's holiday.

I advised you to refute a report that the holiday-makers had been conveyed to Newmarket for the races.

Now you have done so. I have no doubt that all your citizens will be as pleased as myself to learn there was not a grain of truth in the report to which I have referred.

For my part, I am satisfied that my own statement concerning a day's holiday for your employees was equally unfounded.

Allow me, therefore, to express my regret for any annoyance it may have caused you—and my regret that one of my correspondents should unwittingly have caused a lapse in the standards of accuracy which I always endeavour to maintain.—JOHN BULL.

The CABINET, Downing Street

SIRS,—With August Bank Holiday here, the muddle over national holidays has reached its peak of bewildering craziness.

"Save coal!" one Ministry entreats the public. "Organise holidays-at-home to deter your people from travelling!" is the demand of another Ministry to local authorities.

And then a third Ministry blandly tells the railway companies: "You can use more coal to run special holiday trains to the seaside."

So the railways are congested, and the towns that spent a lot of money in providing keep-'em-at-home attractions might just as well have dropped the cash down the drain.

But it is still not too late to introduce a little sense into this fantastic flummery. All this month, and most of next, will see tens of thousands of workers getting a hard-earned rest.

"Rest" is a better word than "holidays" for these war-time conditions. So I suggest you draw up a real rest policy for the nation.

Let it be administered not by several Ministries but by one. And for the sake of the perplexed public, the harassed local authorities and the baffled transport companies, make it a consistent policy!

Above all, frame it now!—JOHN BULL.

What Makes the Perfect Leader?

ARGUE IT OUT

By Pallas

AN army to be successful in the field needs primarily three qualities—good fighting men, good equipment and, above all, good leadership.

It is comparatively easy to assess the worth of men and material; not so easy to discover the qualities of leadership.

Yet there are pointers, as I found out recently when I spent several days with the Army on large-scale battle exercises.

★ ★ ★

I met a number of generals, most of them young for the important commands they held. One man impressed me from the first glance. Instinctively I felt that here was a general who was also a leader.

When he confessed that sometimes he wondered whether he was fitted to lead the splendid men in his armoured division I knew that my first impression was right. For no true leader of men is without a certain humility, a consciousness of his own frailties and an appreciation of the obligations imposed on him by virtue of his leadership.

In my time I have met many leaders—industrial magnates, men who sway the destinies of big trade unions, political "bosses," famous writers. All, in their own spheres, influence the lives of others. At times of crisis they are the people who have to lead. Some are not real leaders. Their vision is clouded by selfishness and their mentality is curcumscribed by the narrowness of their activities.

Now and again these so-called leaders vanish into obscurity. They have been found wanting. The scales which no man who aspires to leadership may escape have weighed them and rejected them.

★ ★ ★

Tacitus defined the qualities specially belonging to a leader as reason and calm judgment. Admirable enough qualities these, but they are not enough.

Reason and calm judgment will not arouse in the rank and file of an army that absolute faith in the general who commands them. A man may have those qualities and yet be arrogant, conceited, domineering—someone set apart from his soldiers and not of them.

It may be argued that a general with human qualities may lack the other essentials of leadership. True. But show me a man of vision, of calm, rapid judgment, a man with faith in his men and an appreciation of their qualities, and I'll accept him as a leader.

★ ★ ★

It is a good sign that our fighting generals to-day show that appreciation of the units they command. It is even more heartening when one sees, as I saw, generals "mucking in" with their men, eating "hard tack" with them, sleeping "rough" and wearing crumpled battle dress.

Soon—the sooner the better—these generals will be called upon to utilise to the full their qualities of leadership. I hope that their call to arms will be strident, assured, decisive.

"For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

★ TANK THRILLS :—In all the argument about tanks there's only one opinion about the men who fight in them. Some vivid yarns of their adventures are told by MARK PRIESTLEY.

Fought to the End—and Won!

TOMMY BRUNDY rode into battle with a picture of his wife and his two kiddies, Loy and Tony, gummed above his head and a sponge rubber cushion wedged against his back.

He could see nothing but lurching desert scrub and steel-white sky reeling in garish dips and sways across his periscope panel; hear nothing but the deafening crash of the guns and the commander's voice in his earphones, biting against a background of roaring metal.

The sweat coursed over his eyes. The air inside the tank already stenched with fumes.

Tommy reminded himself that here at the front of "Fluffy," the tank, it wasn't so bad.

He didn't know that, farther back in the can, Gunner Operator Joe Wilkes was wrestling with a radio receiver that would never speak again.

A lucky hit with a 105-mm. had knocked it silly.

Contact with the squadron commander was severed. Swaying in the turret, Sergeant Jim Jameson thought to himself: "Well, now it's all mine." And once again his voice ripped to the gunner:

"Steady! On! Five-fifty! Fire!"

He saw one of the tanks on the yellow plain suddenly veiled in coffee smoke. A direct hit! Then the sand just ahead crumpled suddenly and his head cracked against tempered steel in the blast of a near miss from Jerry.

That is how against scalding shells and angry thirst, Britain's sardine soldiers fight it out, day after day, to the limits of human endurance. . . .

If, in the end, they're sometimes beaten, maybe defeat began before they had the chance to get at Hitler.

It may have begun back in a drawing-office.

Here are three typical lads of the Tanks Breed

Never the Men

Or maybe it began the day that you—aye, and a thousand others—cleared off to the locker room three minutes before the six o'clock whistle.

It may be the machines. It may be the strategy. It's never the *men* of the Tank Corps.

In proof immortal — though they laughed it off—there's Tommy Brundy, Joe Wilkes and Sergeant Jim—and two other members of the tin-can cavalry, names unknown.

Contact lost, cut off in the mists of sand swirls and smoke-bombs, the five fought on in the sizzling heat—day and night and through another day—till at last the tanks on both sides came to the standstill of exhaustion and the infantry spumed over the shale hills in a carmagnole of spitting anti-tank guns and whirling grenades.

Then the artillery spoke and an exploding shell seemed to lift "Fluffy" into the air and drop her down with a thud.

Sergeant Jim spoke into the microphone. "You O.K., chaps? That's put paid to our tracks. We seem to be surrounded. But I'm damned if I want to surrender!"

No more did his crew. For twelve hours longer they held their lonely siege—barking back with their guns against the circling Nazis till the ammunition racks were stark and empty.

"We'll Stick It"

Night brought a brief respite and, crouching together, the five debated the chances of making a getaway on foot.

"After all we've gone through," said Tom Brundy, "I'm for staying. At least it'll worry Jerry!"

Once before, Joe Wilkes had trekked home from a battle, sixty miles through camel-thorn under a blazing sky.

"Never again!" said he.

Their emergency rations and water were down to crumbs and drops. Every man of the five was hungry and parched—and battle-tired. Still they stuck it—taking cat-naps in turn and aware of stealthy figures who came near the tank and drew away.

Were the sappers to blow them to Hades?

They did not know. They clamped the hatches and closed every visor. Then dawn brought an answer as, with a hectic hail of hand-grenades, the Germans stormed them.

Determined never to surrender alive, the five played possum—waiting, breathless and motionless till they heard jackboots clammering over the plates.

"Achtung, Englanders, come out! You are inside our lines!" called a German voice. "We haf pushed your comrades back!"

Sledge-hammer Crash

The five didn't budge. In the silence they heard the Germans conferring together. Then a sledge-hammer crash came down on the turret.

The machine was tight as a safe. The bolts—stern Northern bolts—held good.

While hammers and crowbars tried to pry them out, Sergeant Jim took advantage of the row to divide the last crumbs of bully beef.

When the turmoil stopped towards midday and the enemy knocked off for dinner in the shade of the tank, maintaining silence became an agony.

In a spasm of cramp, Tom Brundy moved. Instantly the Jerries scattered like rabbits and renewed the attack with incendiary grenades.

Faintly the acrid smell of burning rubber seeped through "Fluffy." If the flames spread to the petrol tank the five were doomed. Yet they took advantage of the smoke to puff cigarettes.

"Condemned men's last smoke!" joked Joe Wilkes, grimly.

But the flames flickered out. And, robbed of this final sideshow, the Nazis stormed the tank with a renewed ferocity that could mean one thing only—determination to finish the job once for all.

Sergeant Jim took his Service revolver from the holster at his leg and weighed it deliberately. By nods and whispers that game five reaffirmed their pact to die fighting.

The thuds overhead rose to a fever. Then came a crash that drowned all others—and another crash—a whine—and another.

"It's our chaps!" yelled Tommy Brundy. "They've got their number!"

"They'll still get us!" said Joe.

A shell threatened to blow the tank to blazes, but the Huns had been forced to run for cover. And then from a fold of hills a Browning machine-gun spoke unmistakably.

All the boys still remember Sergeant Jim's broad grin.

He swung the turret round and gave the Nazis a taste of what he had been keeping for the final movement. Getting his meaning, Tommy Brundy snapped back the bolts of the side hatch.

In a flash the first man was out and running for dear life towards the ridge. Deliberately Sergeant Jim kept up his fire to keep the enemy out of sight. Then Joe and Tommy made the plunging run across the sands.

Furious Nazis

A fury of bullets came from the Nazis, maddened at missing their prey, as Sergeant Jim in his turn raced for freedom.

It had been a fight to a finish. For the voice of the Browning gun from the ridge had been the first scouts of a British column. The Germans gave ground. And the Big Five soon rode into war once again in "Fluffy"—for the R.A.O.C. soon had her in fighting trim for vengeance.

Next Week: Desperate Corners.

Write to "John Bull" About it

DENTISTS ARE RIGHT UP IN THE LINE NOW

NOBODY thinks of dentists in terms of the battle line.

Yet, they go everywhere with our troops now.

They did their work quietly, patiently, throughout the siege of Tobruk, no matter how thickly the bombs were falling.

Some twenty-nine officers and sixty-three men of The Army Dental Corps have been near enough to battle to be taken prisoners in this war.

Making New Faces

They are bringing relief to our lads in the prison camps of Germany and Italy.

Meanwhile, in our most forward field medical units, there are hundreds of dentists qualified to attend Maxilo-facial casualties—in other words, to lay the foundation-stones of new faces.

I saw their kits—and reflected on the day when, during the Battle of the Somme, I had to sit on a biscuit tin and have my tooth pulled out without any anæsthetic by a medical officer who pleaded guilty to knowing nothing about dentistry.

I saw men—and girls of the A.T.S.—sitting in Army dental chairs.

I saw extractions, fillings, the taking of impressions for new dentures.

All agreed that they had never known better or more painless dental treatment. With few exceptions, none had known anything as good.

I saw "snappers"—Army name for artificial dentures—being made.

They were made to the best civilian standards and of the best materials. Why shouldn't they be when the best civilian dental mechanics have found their way into the Army?

No More Aches

I showed Army dental surgeons a letter received by our "Voice of the Troops" page—a letter from a soldier in India to his mother telling how he had been taken 300 miles to have an aching tooth attended to.

I thought it an unusual letter. They were not unusually impressed. Apparently the Army goes to even greater pains to see that our lads do not suffer through dental troubles.

Every man joining the Army can have his teeth brought to top pitch of condition at once—unless he point blank refuses, which is rare. His dental card follows him everywhere — which means that his teeth are *kept* at top pitch.

Moving into battle, he never escapes from that care.

It is human—but it is also wisdom. You can't have bad teeth and be an efficient soldier—or civilian either, for that matter.

But more than all this, no matter how badly a man's face might be injured in this war, the dental surgeon and plastic surgeon between them will see that he will always be able to walk among his fellow human beings, in the broad light of day, without fear that his injuries mark him out from the crowd.

MAURICE FAGENCE.

Next week, the final article in the series THEY ALL FIGHT NOW will give you a close-up of the Royal Engineers

THE ARMY'S BIG

It is the knock-out blow for which sea, air, and production supremacy can only prepare the ground. What are the odds as the time approaches for the Army to enter the ring for the Big Event?

By A. G. GARDINER

FOUR crucial theatres of the war are the air, the sea, the land, and the factory (production).

The side which has supremacy in the first two and the last is assured of ultimate victory. But the knock-out blow must be delivered on land, and without adequate land power now victory will be long delayed.

On the sea and in the air the supremacy of the United Nations is established, and, given the mastery of the U-boat menace, should be secure.

With the mighty power-house of America in full blast, remote from enemy attack, supremacy in production is unchallengable.

But in the theatre of land warfare the supremacy is with the enemy. And it is in that theatre that, in these fateful days, the issue of a short war or a long war is being decided.

General Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, makes the plans

If Hitler cannot "cash-in" on his supremacy on land this summer his chance of victory will fall to zero. If the United Nations cannot prevent him "cashing-in" they have a long war ahead.

IN OTHER WORDS, HITLER MUST HAVE A DECISIVE VICTORY NOW TO ESCAPE DEFEAT. THE UNITED NATIONS MUST KEEP THEIR WICKET INTACT TO ENSURE VICTORY AND SHORTEN THE WAR.

* * *

This means that the duration of the war hangs upon events in Russia. And when I say Russia, I include the course of events in Egypt, for those events are a part of the battle for Russia and the Middle East.

The frenzy with which Hitler is throwing everything he has into the attempt to sweep Stalin from his path is intelligible enough. Russia is the only military Power left to challenge his complete conquest of the Continent.

If he can eliminate that Power his supremacy on land will be unassailable. Even if he can only isolate that Power his object will be largely achieved.

He would dig himself in from the Volga to the Straits of Dover. From the impregnable fortress which he would have made of Europe and with the advantage of his interior lines he would be in a position to meet and crush any invasion from without.

He would have the whole of the resources of Europe, both men and material, to draw on, and he would be able to choose his own time to spring east or west, into Asia or Africa or across the Channel.

There would be no great army to say him "Nay." His supremacy on land would be more decisive than the supremacy of the United Nations at sea, in the air, or in power of production.

We should be faced with a long war and an incalculable war.

It would be a war in which Europe would be bled white to feed Hitler's monstrous war machine.

* * *

This is no extravagant picture of all that is at stake in Russia, not next year, but in these terrific days through which we are passing now.

It is our fate as much as the fate of Russia that is in the balance. Timoshenko and his heroic army are fighting our battle and the battle of America as surely as if they were fighting on our own South Downs.

For if Hitler succeeds in immobilising the Russian army the whole weight of his war engine will be released against the only Powers left to obstruct his path to the conquest of the world.

In this great moment one question clamours for answer in all our minds. Are we doing all that is in our power, are we taking every risk that we dare take, to help our great ally to turn the tide of battle?

If we cannot answer that question with an indisputable "Yes" we shall stand condemned before the judgment bar of history.

* * *

IN ATTEMPTING AN ANSWER, DO NOT LET US DECRY THE GREAT THINGS WE HAVE DONE. DO NOT LET US UNDER-RATE THE IMMENSITY OF THE SACRIFICES WE HAVE MADE.

Every promise of material help we made to Russia when Hitler turned his guns on her has been fulfilled and more than fulfilled. For every 100 tanks we promised we have sent 111.

We have sent vast stores of munitions that we needed in other theatres of war—in Africa, in the Middle East, in Malaya and Burma. We have sent them at an appalling cost to that Merchant Service whose sufficiency is vital to the day-to-day existence of this country.

Deserted by our former ally, we have alone barred the Eastern Mediterranean route of the enemy to the Caucasus. We have driven mighty thoroughfares through the mountains of Persia to facilitate the flow of American supplies to the Caspian.

With our war in Libya and Egypt we have diverted hundreds of shiploads of munitions that would have been flung into the cauldron of the Donetz basin.

And all the time our Navy has kept the

What a German Thinks of the Navy

STRIKING testimony to the skill and determination with which Britain is delivering weapons and munitions to Russia comes from an unexpected source—a Nazi reporter.

He has gone to the northern fringe of Europe to which Hitler has sent Stumpff, one of his best air generals, to do what he can to interrupt the life-line of Russia, to attack and to sink the British convoys on which Russia depends to continue the hard struggle against Nazi Germany.

* * *

Even in summer the weather in the Arctic Circle is ghastly. With complete disregard for their own safety, commodores of the convoy study the meteorological reports and sail—just when the weather is at its worst!

The summer storms, the thick fog between an icy sea and the northern sunny sky, make hell for the Nazi flyers.

And the British convoy does not choose a convenient route. The Nazi reporter moans because it steams high up north, where huge icebergs protect its flank, where floating rocks of ice endanger the U-boats.

"It is a battle of life and death!" say the Nazis.

But Stumpff, their commander, pitilessly sends them out to attack. They know what awaits them.

Scores of heavy cruisers and battleships (now reinforced by Russian ships) accompany the convoy. A whole fleet of fast small corvettes skims the sea.

German pilots who have cruised hours in the Arctic climate are weary before they are driven to press home the assault from the air. Let the Nazi reporter tell you what happens next:

From hundreds of powerful A.A. guns a wall of fire and steel mounts sky-high. There seems to be no limit to the range of these guns. Heavy ship's artillery unleashes a fearful barrage—salvoes without interruption to prevent well-aimed torpedo attacks.

Water spouts up on all sides and removes the whole convoy from the sight of the attackers. Every merchantman is armed with these heavy guns.

* * *

It is into this wall of water, fire and steel that Nazi dive-bombers and torpedo-carrying aircraft must dive before Stumpff can hope to achieve results. It is against this devastating defence that German 'planes are hurled in a forlorn attempt to sink a few British merchantmen.

No wonder that "pep" talks from Nazi officers are expected to keep the spirits of weary and tired *Luftwaffe* pilots and ground staff alive:

"New sacrifices will have to be made," said one of them, "because we *must* go on flying."

Again and again the vital importance of the distant battlefield is explained to the airmen. Again and again they are asked to stick it and to accomplish the impossible.

* * *

That Hitler is not too hopeful of success is proved by the Nazi preparations to launch an attack against the Russian Arctic ports rather than to rely on Stumpff.

Every man he can spare from the battlefields of Southern Russia and Africa is being sent to augment the forces under the command of one of his favourite generals, the unorthodox, cunning little Dietl—"Rommel of the Arctic," as he has been called.

If Stumpff fails from the air to separate Britain and Russia, Hitler is prepared to give the sign for Dietl to attack the Russian ports. That is why Mannerheim was forced to supply more Finnish troops; that is why Dietl received unexpected promotion a few weeks ago.

While the world watches the battlefronts in the South, Hitler looks North to realise his Arctic ambitions.

WILLIE FRISCHAUER.

JOB

Atlantic open to Russia and closed to Russia's enemy.

THESE THINGS MUST BE REMEMBERED. BUT STILL WE MUST ASK: IS THIS NOT A MOMENT TO TAKE MORE DESPERATE RISKS TO SAVE THE ALLY IN SAVING WHOM WE SAVE ALL? IS A SECOND FRONT IN THE WEST SUCH A RISK?

No one can doubt that such a stroke if effectively delivered would be the most immediate and decisive help we could give. It would compel Hitler to turn westward. It would relieve the pressure on Timoshenko. It would inspire his legions with a new hope.

It might save the Russian army from isolation and from being cut off from the Caucasus. It might forestall the blow at these islands which a serious collapse of Russia would make certain.

All this is plain as day. But plain also to anyone who stops to think is the immensity and finality of the risk. The venture would be on a scale that would absorb everything we have got.

If it came off it might turn the scales of war. If it failed, it would be a catastrophe for which there is no parallel in history and from which there would be no recovery.

At some time the risk must be taken. I do not say it should not be taken now. I do say that it should not be taken on an impulse of reckless gambling.

It should be taken on the convinced judgment of those responsible for the safety of this country and the conduct of the war.

It should be taken with the full concurrence and unqualified support of America.

★ ★ ★

We may rest assured that this great matter in all its thousand aspects has been the subject of ceaseless thought and examination by the best minds in the air, sea, and land forces.

We must abide by their decision as to time and occasion. It is they who, in Lord Fisher's phrase, "Have the rope round their necks."

Wars cannot be waged by irresponsible clamours in Trafalgar Square, or newspaper agitations, or resolutions at public meetings. If they were they would certainly be lost.

IF THE DECISION ON THIS MOMENTOUS QUESTION IS FOR INSTANT ACTION, LET THE WHOLE WEIGHT OF THE NATION GIVE MOMENTUM TO THE BLOW.

If not, let us redouble our efforts through Murmansk and the Persian Gulf to strengthen the Russian resistance.

Let us take daring risks to scare Hitler in Egypt. Let us send a plague of Hurricanes over the Caucasus. Let us increase to the maximum of our power the bombing of industrial Germany.

Let us stop at no sacrifice that will help to keep the Russian army intact through its tremendous ordeal.

If this is done, Hitler's supremacy on land will be finally shaken. With supremacy in the air, on sea, and in production, and with mighty armies ready to strike east and west at the decisive moment, the United Nations will have victory in their grasp.

Paratroops go aboard during special training in which the R.A.F. and Army collaborate

Air-Trains to the 'Second' Front

★ This is no distant vision. The air-train is a reality and will provide a daily and nightly service when the United Nations' new Front in Europe is under way

IN Britain air-trains have, for some time, been running over R.A.F. flying training fields, and over operational centres of Airborne Divisions of the Army Air Corps.

They are trains of gliders—the newest arm of the R.A.F.'s Army Co-operation Command, which administers and develops the flying technique of these engineless Wings of the Army, though the Army itself operates them.

Think of these gliders as carriages, and of the bomber that tows them as the engine, and you see the idea is simple if revolutionary

Imagination conjures up the day when you may go to work by air-train, or fly the Atlantic in one!

Meanwhile, the urgent purpose of the air-trains of Britain's Airborne Divisions is to carry men and material to the Second Front.

A little more than eighteen months ago Britain did not possess a towed glider.

Big Improvements

Since then, a "miracle has been wrought, and it had to be a miracle because the Germans were five years ahead—as, fortunately, were also our Russian Allies.

So much so that since the enemy first used gliders on a large scale at Crete, each carrying up to twenty men, they have now developed massive craft bearing a hundred men each.

From small and late beginnings, R.A.F. Army Co-operation Command and the subsequently formed Army Air Corps have worked feverishly.

The chief time-taking problem was to develop an approved prototype, which, though modest in carrying capacity, aimed at embodying in quality all or more than the enemy had learned.

First pictures of these gliders were only recently released, each train towed by a tug-plane, a bomber converted for the purpose.

The tug-plane is flown by an R.A.F. crew. The gliders are piloted and manned by soldiers.

An aeroplane pilot can learn to fly a glider in a couple of days, but it takes several months to train from scratch the air-borne soldier-recruit.

The pilot is the problem, for he must first become an airman before he is given charge of a glider.

Making him an airman and teaching him and his passengers how to use their glider is the job of R.A.F. Army Co-operation Command.

The pilot must master the art of taking off and landing under all conditions, day and night, and become expert at evasive action if attacked.

Cargo of Soldiers

Once released from the tow-plane, he can swoop down to as low as two or three hundred feet and still pull out of his dive. He can skim over trees or ground with the skill of the pilot of an engine-driven aircraft.

But once flying- and glider-technique trained, his soldiering, everything he does on the ground, is taught him by the Army, which controls and operates him and his glider from day to day.

Apart from gliders, Britain's Airborne Divisions are equipped with special resident associated aircraft, bombers converted for dropping paratroops or supplies.

The G.O.C. Air-borne Forces has these squadrons at his disposal. They have taken the place of the former Army transport 'planes like the Bristol Bombays.

This is sound economy, for if we had developed air transport on former lines it would, as Mr. Churchill told the Commons, have been at the expense of more essential aircraft.

A Hard Choice

Many of our older bombers became obsolete as the war progressed, and it has become possible by conversion to utilise them as air transport without jamming production with new transport types.

The recently demonstrated "Hotspur" glider's human cargo weighs well over half a ton per glider, so that their weight in material can equally well be carried or more if the bulk is less.

As the modern Stirling bomber carries up to seven tons of bombs you can imagine what glider loads of men and material it could tow if in an emergency it were adapted for the purpose.

The Hotspur glider is the only one as yet displayed. But you can be sure the R.A.F. Army Co-operation Command and the Army Air Corps have fully considered the giant craft now evolved by the Germans.

The glider, small or large, has a great future as a transport, and is the best method of replacing the old transport squadrons.

It is the most economical way to build air transport, because it can be built without upsetting the production of engine-driven 'planes.

Easier to Build

It is made of different materials, being of wooden structure. It is made by a different type of craftsman. It carries heavier loads than anything formerly imagined.

I have discussed with experts its possibilities and those of the converted bomber transport, but naturally they cannot disclose how far we have progressed.

It is known, however, that both the Russians and the Germans have transported light tanks and artillery by air. The Flying Tank is thus a reality as the engineer has given it wings.

More and more the Commandos of the Air, the Army's most mobile forces that can strike in the most unexpected places, tend to travel with heavier equipment.

The air-train will add greatly to their surprises. Imagination plays freely with its future.

Cheap, quickly made, the glider can be profitably "thrown away" on a vital objective.

Strikes Silently

Fill it with explosive, give the pilot a short-descent parachute, and it may become a deadly lethal weapon.

Engineless and noiseless, it can strike without raising an alarm.

The Channel crossing will be well within its scope if its side has control of the air by day.

Released in the dark before it approaches the hostile coast, it can glide silently twenty miles from a height of 10,000 ft., and if suitably equipped can conceivably reach its objective with the aid of the Radio Beam.

General Arnold, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Staff, who was recently in London and has just formed the new U.S. Troop-Carrier Command, is one of its staunchest supporters.

Many of his officers are in Britain, fusing American co-operation with that of R.A.F. Army Co-operation Command and our Army Air Corps.

Americans are even flying some of our air-trains.

Their collaboration is helping to carry the Eighteen Months' Miracle several swift stages farther . . . till the order goes forth, "All aboard the air-trains! First stop, Second Front!"

JOHN CASHEL.

GROWING SCANDAL OF HOSPITALS

THE problem of the Nation's hospital services is a subject which, apart from the war, is discussed as much as any other to-day.

JOHN BULL is constantly receiving complaints about it.

So is the Ministry of Health. So, too, are Members of Parliament who represent constituencies in which there are large hospitals, many inadequately staffed and poorly equipped to cope with the heavy demands upon them.

Years Overdue

Recently, Mr. Hector McNeil, M.P., strongly supported by doctor members, led a long discussion in the House of Commons. He urged widespread reforms which are years overdue.

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, assured Mr. McNeil that the Government was planning a "Corporate Hospital Service" for *after* the war, and that official "surveys" were already taking place in certain areas.

Since then, in an address he gave to members of the Royal College of Nursing, Mr. Brown made several striking admissions about the shortcomings of the present system.

He agreed that much greater co-ordination is necessary if 100 per cent. efficiency is to be assured in future.

What is the exact position to-day?

There are 3,000 hospitals in this country, and they fall into two categories —"local" and "authority"

A thousand are maintained by voluntary subscriptions, and the remainder are run by local county and municipal authorities at a cost to ratepayers of something like £20,000,000 a year.

Maternity and mental hospitals add another £16,000,000 to the bill.

These great institutions perform splendid work, often under very trying conditions.

The chief cause for criticism lies in the fact that, though many "authority" and "voluntary" hospitals act in harmonious co-operation, others are unfortunately conducted on such parochial lines that misunderstandings, and often open jealousy and direct competition, prevail.

Apart from such lack of co-operation, the present system breeds cumbersome and costly overlapping. Some areas are very badly provided for, while others have two or three hospitals within easy reach.

Constantly there is difficulty because the system of providing doctors is faulty, the medical administration being in the hands of local practitioners.

Though they work earnestly—often without fees—their own practices must naturally come first.

So often the hospital patients have to wait until the doctors are free.

Such a system inevitably leads to many unfortunate occurrences. It is a common practice for "voluntary" hospitals, especially if they are small and do not possess adequate equipment, to close their doors to patients they feel unable to cope with.

Sir Wyndham Childs Comments

They do so in the knowledge that there is a large, rate-supported "authority" establishment not far away which is more or less bound to take such patients in, or give them out-patient treatment.

But this means delays, and delays are dangerous when a patient's life may be at stake.

"Many of the 2,000 hospitals administered by local authorities from public funds," said a County Medical Officer of Health to one of my representatives the other day, "are virtual 'Cinderellas' in the hospital world.

"Despite the claims of the vast areas they have to serve, they are burdened with cases which ought to be dealt with by near-by 'voluntary' hospitals.

"Their staffs lead lives of drudgery, having to undertake nursing of every kind, chronic cases, and 'casualties' that come to their door, and look after the local old and infirm into the bargain!"

And, he added very seriously: "Woe betide us if we make a slip—we soon hear about it!"

In these 3,000 unco-ordinated hospitals there are 560,000 beds, some of which have to be kept always ready in case of national emergency. Though their number has lately been reduced to a minimum, there are in different parts of the country heavy waiting lists of patients needing prolonged hospital treatment.

Too Few Beds

It is, I fear, only too true that urgent, even vital, cases frequently have to be denied admission.

An official census, recently made, revealed the disturbing information that only one-third of the necessary bed accommodation is at present available for people now actually in need of hospital treatment.

Ponder for a moment on these figures. While two out of every three sufferers are anxiously awaiting their turn for treatment, occupants of the beds for which they are waiting may have to be discharged prematurely to accommodate them.

Hospital officials freely admit that out-patients frequently have a bad time in securing the treatment they need. Some have to spend wearying periods waiting in a queue.

I know this is the case in one hospital which has to cater for a local population of 500,000. Its 900 beds are always occupied, and its out-patients average 120 a day.

Some of the allegations made about this particular hospital have been grave indeed, and I fear that many of them are thoroughly justified.

Startling Mistake

In one case a man who was sent home from this hospital as suffering from cancer, and given only three months to live, was found by a specialist at another hospital to be suffering from arthritis. He had never had cancer at all!

Only a week or two ago I received a bitter statement from a mother about the way her child was treated there when she went, at her own doctor's request, for advice about her eyes.

It is more than time that we had a uniform hospital service!

One great national scheme, with every area in the country adequately covered, and with all clinics, health centres and similar institutions properly co-ordinated, is the only solution to the problem.

The Minister of Health, I repeat, has promised Parliament that such a scheme is being "planned."

Must be Ruthless

Nothing must be allowed to stand in the way of those plans. Professional prejudice, local jealousies and questions of boundary lines must be swept aside ruthlessly.

A uniform training scheme is equally important if the new hospital services are to be adequately staffed.

Here, again, I urge that planning should go forward now so that proper arrangements may be assured to absorb the large numbers of young medical men who will be discharged from the various services after the war.

Far-sighted and determined planning now can give us a hospital service worthy of the nation.

Mr. Hector McNeil, a young Scottish M.P., made some damning disclosures in a recent House of Commons debate

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

The guinea this week goes to Miss M. Thompson, Edbrooke Road, Elgin Avenue, London, W.9, for details of a new racket.

Letters are invited on all matters calling for inquiry or comment. Mark envelopes Public Benefactor, and address JOHN BULL, *93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

MIND YOUR BIKE!

NEW Black Market—in bicycles—has begun!

All persons who now travel to work by road should take special care to immobilise their machines and leave them in a place of safety when they are not in use.

Hundreds of cycles are being stolen in London alone every week, and many cases have been reported from provincial centres too.

In certain areas there are establishments where machines are dismantled and reconstructed to look quite new.

As there is a great demand just now for spare parts, some of the racketeers take the stolen cycles to pieces, refit and repaint them, and dispose of them at big profits.

★ ★ ★

When a police raid took place recently at a North London house, where stolen property was known to be concealed, a large number of "beaten down" cycles were found.

One man who was convicted a few weeks ago of housebreaking admitted that six stolen cycles brought him in £30 in just over a week.

So—mind your bike!

When Do We Sail Again? They Ask Eagerly

A HUGE convoy of ships bringing food and munitions from America put into a British port a few few weeks ago. Hunting U-boat packs had failed to sink a single vessel.

As the stevedores began to unload the valuable cargo a tall, fair-haired, blue-eyed officer stepped from one of the ships. He was one of the 30,000 Norwegian sailors in the service of the Allied cause.

"When are we sailing again?" was the first question he asked the port authorities.

That is typical of all the Norwegian sailors who love the sea and know no fear of the lurking Nazi mines; who laugh at the winged sea raiders of the *Luftwaffe*, and know every trick by which to fool the U-boats.

U-Boats Defied

Ever since Germany dragged his country into the war, this sailor has been glad to take on a new cargo, to go out on yet another voyage, to ferry food and arms, petrol and munitions from one Allied country to another, always right under the noses of the U-boats, always defying them heroically, always helping to beat them off and deliver the goods.

He has taken tea to Russia and oil to Britain. He was in Manila when war broke out in the Far East. But he got away under a hail of bombs which destroyed the dwellings which he had occupied the night before.

On the following days he and his mates had to fight Jap dive-bombers with rifles. Often, he says, the position looked hopeless.

You must have a bit of luck, too, he adds. Two boats on which he should have sailed from America were sunk, with all hands.

The trip that followed did not lack excitement. Bombers overhead, very often three, four, five of them at the same time, torpedoes whisking by, wild races against powerful raiders. Not a day, not a night without deadly danger.

On the way from South to North America his ship was finally hit by a torpedo. He and a stout crew managed, however, to reach harbour. It was just part of their job. They simply changed to another ship and carried on.

Big Oil Fleet

His story is that of practically every Norwegian sailor. Proudly they sail a fleet which is second only to the British in merchant tonnage. Its oil-carrying capacity, too, is nearly equal to that of Britain's tankers.

And nearly five-sixths of that fleet is under the control of the Free Norwegian Government, and actively engaged in the war against Germany.

Someone said, recently, that at the present time this fleet is worth more to Britain than a million soldiers. In fact, the men who sail it are our bravest and most valuable allies.

"JOHN BULL" SHORT STORY

By ANTHONY GREY

MERE TRIFLE

Georgie Goss looked under all the seats. He walked all round the shelter in a widening ring. But there was not the slightest trace of the man who had bought one

WHAT startled Georgie Goss was that the man was buying one. *Buying* one!

It startled Georgie Goss not because it was a startling thing to do, but simply because Georgie Goss had never seen one bought before.

He had seen them borrowed, he had seen them presented, he had seen them stolen. But—*bought!*

It made him take a close look at the man who could be fool enough.

He was a very ordinary-looking man, dressed in a very ordinary sort of way, but Georgie Goss could not help staring at him really hard.

And the man seemed to become aware presently of this, because he turned and stared really hard at Georgie.

So Georgie hurried up and finished his purchase and went out of the shop and down the street.

He stood in a shop doorway to light his cigarette.

And he stepped out . . . right in front of the man who had bought one.

It was really a silly situation. The man looked surprised and even startled. But mostly he seemed annoyed.

He was such a very ordinary-looking man that but for the fact that he had caught him buying one Georgie would never have looked at him twice.

But here he was now looking at him twice—and three times, and four times.

And even following him.

"This is just silly!" Georgie Goss told himself.

When they reached the end of the sea-front the man looked round and saw Georgie Goss not fifty feet behind and again looked surprised and even startled, but mostly annoyed, and suddenly, to Georgie's disgust, he crossed the promenade and went into Georgie's favourite shelter.

"Con*found* it!" exclaimed Georgie. "Now I can't. Not very well. He thinks I'm following him. He'll start a row if I go across and sit beside him now."

And Georgie didn't like rows.

"Perhaps," he thought, "he won't stay there long."

Ten minutes later a pukka-looking colonel sort of person came out of the public shelter and limped away.

"Wonder," he said presently, half aloud, "if he's been taken ill? Or done himself in or something? Or *been* done in?"

So Georgie crossed to the public shelter, which was only a little affair, and peeped into its four compartments, which faced north, south, east, and west.

And found every one empty. . . .

"Empty!"

COULDN'T possibly be right. The man who had bought one had gone into the shelter.

He hadn't come out of the shelter. Therefore he must still be in the shelter.

Only—he wasn't.

After dinner, Georgie, who was a man of many habits, made his way into the saloon bar of the "Neptune's Crown" and ordered a pint.

Pints, whole pints at a time, were not one of his regular habits, but to-night he felt his nerves deserved one.

A heavy man who was all eyebrows sat alone in a corner of the saloon bar, and Georgie recognised him as Inspector Bottle of the local police, off duty and out of uniform. Georgie made his way across the bar and sat down at the inspector's side.

"Inspector Bottle?" he said.

"Well?" responded the other without so much as moving one of his famous eyebrows.

Georgie introduced himself.

"Well?" said the inspector.

"Had rather a funny experience this evening," said Georgie.

"Well?" said the inspector.

"'I was in the Shilling Bazaar. . . ."

And Georgie went on to tell his tale.

When he came to the end of it the famous eyebrows were almost acrobatic.

"He thought you were following him?" said the inspector.

"Must have done," said Georgie.

The inspector fumbled for his notebook, remembered he was off duty, pulled an old envelope from somewhere and began to slap his pockets.

"Got a pencil?"

Georgie passed him an atrocious yellow thing.

"Describe him," said the inspector suddenly. "Both of him."

"Both of him?"

"'Well, of course he was the colonel-looking man as well."

"That's just what I was beginning to——"

"He thought you were after him, so he went into the shelter, opened his attaché-case—you say he had one?"

"Yes," Georgie nodded.

"Opened his attaché-case, took out his colonel disguise, put it on and walked away under your nose. Describe him!"

Georgie described him, both of him, as the inspector put it; and the inspector got it all down on the back of the old envelope.

"I don't know what it means," he said, "but it means something. He's given himself away, whatever he's up to, and with detailed descriptions like this we ought to have him in for questioning pretty soon. Excuse me."

And the inspector went away and was ten minutes at the telephone in the hotel lounge.

When he came back he sat down and looked at Georgie with a certain amount of admiration.

"*Very* detailed descriptions," he said. "But . . . himself—I mean when he wasn't made up as the colonel chap—he seems to have been so commonplace-looking that I wonder you noticed him at all."

"He was buying a pencil," said Georgie. "That's what made me look at him twice."

"I beg your pardon?" said the inspector.

"He was buying a pencil," Georgie repeated.

The inspector knitted his famous eyebrows and tried to find out where the catch was.

"I mean," said Georgie, "have you ever bought a pencil?"

"Bought a pencil?" said the inspector, still wondering where the catch was.

"I never have," said Georgie. "I've had 'em given—birthdays and Christmas—I've borrowed 'em and forgot to return 'em—I've stolen 'em. But I've never *bought* one. I've never met anybody who did buy one. I've never seen one bought before."

"Well, I'm damned!" said the inspector, who often said things like that.

AND he said it again six weeks later when Flash Harry, alias Colonel Crow, was put away for four years for possessing some ten thousand pounds' worth of jewellery which did not belong to him.

The judge complimented Georgie Goss on his keen observation and the inspector said he was damned all over again.

"The merest trifle," he said, "but . . . If he hadn't bought the pencil this chap would never have looked at him twice, and if this chap had never looked at him twice . . ."

That night, in his mufti jacket, the inspector found an atrocious yellow pencil and wondered where it had come from. Looking at it closely he saw on it the words: *London & Central Railway Company.*

"Well, I'm damned!" said the inspector once more.

And kept the pencil.

Human Machine

UNKNOWN DEPTHS

The whole mystery of the human mind and its workings was aptly summed up by the advice: "Always give your conclusions—they will almost certainly be right; never give your reasons—they will almost certainly be wrong."

"A man," said a doctor the other day, "who relied entirely on conscious reasoning and the ordinary processes of logic for the solution of the thousand and one problems that are presented for our decision every day, would make the pretty mess of things that a large number of reputed clear thinkers do, in fact, make.

Now this is true, profoundly true. No one really knows the depths of his own mind. No one has ever really found any limits to the abilities and capabilities of the human mind.

The most we know—and we do most certainly know it—is that there are apparently limitless powers hidden away in it, and that we should do well to trust them far more than we do.

You can easily test this for yourself. There is no magic about it—apart from the fact that everything about the human mind smacks of magic!

Next time you have a problem to solve don't lie awake half the night trying to solve it. You won't succeed.

You'll only add to your worries as the night wears on. Go to sleep—having first given the most definite orders to your mind to solve the problem for you while you sleep.

It will. In the morning you'll see things in a clear light. You'll find a solution ready for you. You'll feel all your worry lifted from you.

You won't believe a word of this—until you try it out and prove its truth for yourself. So don't waste any time. Try it out. You'll find it works out all right.

SILLIER AND SILLIER

IF these were normal times we should now be reaching the annual opening of what we used to call the silly season. Up in the North of Scotland they would be dusting the Loch Ness Monster.

★ ★ ★

Do you remember how, in the bad old days when we didn't take life seriously as we do now, a woman on her hands and knees, and using her nose only, pushed a peanut up the whole eleven miles of Broadway? And there was the man who squatted on top of a pole for three weeks.

And I remember seeing another man on top of a huge ball some 6 ft. across. On this ball he was walking round the world. He had reached Golders Green when I saw him.

And there was the councillor somewhere who decided that women's bathing costumes were too something or other, and got himself very hot and bothered.

There are people who will tell you that, however queer the world may be now, it is better off without such fools.

We are not better off without such fools, simply because we are not without them. They are somewhere, doing something. We must hope they are doing wiser things.

That woman who used her nose to push a peanut up Broadway. She may not be using her time to such good purpose. She may be passing a Government memo round from Department to Department.

That man may have got down off his 6-ft. ball in order to invent a new form for us to fill up.

There are some pretty expert pen-pushers among the ranks of our bureaucrats and red-tape fiends.

Daft things are done because we have got daft people and, war or no war, we've still got daft people, and they'll be with us when the war is over.

When they get back to their normal daftness, doing their normally daft things, we shall have reached the happy days of peace.

When you see a man squatting on top of a pole again you will know the war is over.

To me it seems that the little daft things of yesterday are to be preferred to the big daft things of to-day. Not all the fools of those times were on the tops of poles Some were just as busily daft on the quiet, out of sight.

★ ★ ★

Thinking of old days has brought back to me an old saying: "Hanging is too good. . . ."

Quite. Places like St. Helena and Doorn are not so bad for your old age.

But pushing a peanut up Broadway with your nose for the rest of your life. . . . Or squatting on top of a pole for twenty years. . . . There's something to take the bluster out of somebody I've heard of.

Since somebody's got to do such things when the silly seasons come back . . . well, why not?

WILL SCOTT.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

★ ONE GUINEA will now be paid for each FORCES LETTER published—and more if a good adventure story is used at greater length. All Forces letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

THERE'S a simple but very human drama in L./A.C. G. Robinson's letter to a friend at Birmingham.

We had been sitting out on the landing-field every night for weeks, from dusk until dawn, the ambulance driver and I, watching the 'planes taking-off in an endless stream.

Then there was the usual monotonous wait for them to return one after another, with no one hurt and all landing safely.

Last night something did happen.

I was in the rear of the ambulance checking over the equipment.

Always the fire-tender and ambulance drivers have to start their engines as each 'plane approaches to land.

This time there was a lot of shouting, then a crash.

It was dark, and as we approached the blazing 'plane I kicked open the back doors of the ambulance and jumped out.

The strained, white faces of the ground crews were lit up by the flames as they waited to render assistance.

Beyond the machine with its nose in the ground and its tail high in the air lay the still form of the pilot.

We lifted him to the stretcher after I had dressed his wounds, and so off to the Sick Quarters, which had been warned from the watch-tower.

That pilot was tough, making as little fuss about his head wound and his burns as if he had scratched a finger. He will recover.

I shall never complain of monotony again. After last night I prefer to see our machines land safely.

Who was it said: "We also serve who only stand and wait"?

ESCAPE

Then comes a good story of an escape from the enemy in Libya, told by L. Cpl. Eric Giles in a letter to his wife at Heybeck Lane, Woodkirk, Batley, Yorks:

I was with Jerry for four days, after which the opportunity for escape came to about twenty of us.

Somehow we managed to keep together after we broke out at 3 p.m. Then we crawled and lay hidden in the scrub until about 9 p.m.—and were we thirsty!

After marching until 2.30 a.m. we had an hour's sleep, but were disturbed by a tank about a mile away.

Later we were picked up by a scout car driven by my own officer, who took us to get some food—the first bite since breakfast five days previous.

Jerry had not been too bad to us. He could not get us away, because he was surrounded, and he could not give us food because his supplies had run out. The R.A.F. had made a mess of his supply columns.

Our guards managed to scrounge a little bit of grub from the cookhouse a few times, but all told it did not amount to a good meal We did not do too badly for water whilst we were temporary prisoners.

THEY STILL HAVE FUN

Here are two more letters from prisoners of war who have not had the good fortune to escape.

Cpl. J. Plimmer, who served in the last war and is now fifty-three, has been a prisoner of war for two years. He writes to his wife at Cemetery Road, Sheffield:

We are holding a sports meeting this afternoon and a boxing tournament tomorrow, so you see we have our bit of fun once in a while.

I have not received the usual pocket-money for some time, but I don't need it, as there is nothing to buy in this dump.

Thanks for the photo of the twins. My hat, they have grown up, haven't they?

HARD CASH

Another prisoner of war, Signalman W. B. Reed, Royal Corps of Signals, who has been in Germany for over two years, sends this horticultural note in a letter to his mother at Stormont Street, North Shields:

We are busily at work on our garden, using "a nice bit of manure" as recommended by Mr. Middleton on the wireless.

Last year we got first prize, amounting to twenty-five marks in hard cash. Not a large sum, but this year we are all out to win the first prize, and then our fortune is made!

SWAFFER'S BRAIN TRUST

WHY THESE FAKE INSPECTIONS?

● Complaints go on about the farce of preparing for official inspections.

I know of one case of a Midlands fire brigade which wasted days on staging an attractive set-out for the visit of a High-Up, who was nicely kidded, and of others where Royalty, visiting war factories, has walked past nice displays of munition parts arranged along an aisle behind which, for days, no work has been done.

Now comes the story of how, at an R.A.O.C. depot in Shropshire, 2,000 clerks protest that 2,000 working hours were wasted so that, before an official "inspection," all the papers and files could be arranged tidily!

If inspections are to be of any use at all they should be surprises.

Otherwise, they merely result in backpats for officers and managers who, in order to get them, scandalously waste the nation's time and money.

WHY NOT FILM FACTORIES?

● There have been films of life in the R.A.F., the Navy, the Army, and the Mercantile Marine. If there are to be war pictures—and to my mind many members of the public are sick to death of them—there should be one made about the factory front.

But it is no use merely making another dreary "short." The romance, the thrill, yes and the tragedy of munition making, should be embodied in a vivid drama.

An air raid on a war plant that went on working all through the bombs would provide a most thrilling climax to a war-factory drama.

IS THERE STILL CARELESS TALK?

● A stranger visiting a café in a town recently raided sat at a table where a group of talkative workmen disclosed, in his hearing, what part of their factory had been bombed, how much it had been damaged, and the locality of the emergency plant to which they were to be moved.

This sort of thing goes on to an extent that seems incredible, considering all the warnings.

People do not understand that, with Eire a neutral country, it is very easy for the Germans to learn by means of travellers all sorts of important facts dropped in conversation, and that, within a couple of hours, things known in Dublin can reach Berlin.

Around the docks, there is too much talk about what ships are sailing and when.

Frankly, I do not think that comic drawings on posters are the sort of thing to warn people sufficiently about the grave perils of talking.

SHOULD IDENTITY CARDS BE CHECKED?

● Six people, questioned at random, say they have never been asked to show their identity cards. One had moved three times within a year. Others had travelled about quite a lot. Surely a check-up is long overdue.

When, some months ago, I went into Folkestone, which was a banned area, I got my identity card ready at the station, expected that it would be asked for. But no!

I walked out into the street, took a taxi to a hotel on the cliffs, and, next day, walked round Dover without being stopped!

And Dover, because of its proximity to France, is one of our most vital areas.

CHARACTER

TELL me what you hold dear. For in that you will portray the breadth and width of your heart, and your soul you will display. For the things that we pursue and hold on to with all our might, show exactly what we are, they hold our Souls up to Life's Light.

J. M.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

MY friend who has seen many "Is Your Journey Necessary?" posters was surprised to find in North Wales that the mountain railway to the summit of Snowdon is now running for the summer season. No doubt work of national importance is being done at the top!—Mr. F. Wood, Rugby.

★ ★ ★

My former workmate, an oxy-acetylene welder in a shipyard, was called up for the Army "in error." He is a married man with four children. Acetylene welders are urgently needed in the shipyards, but this skilled man cannot get release from the Army. A waste of brains and skill, when shipbuilding is of paramount importance.—W. Wood, Highfield Drive, South Shields.

★ ★ ★

Last year tons of blackberries were wasted through want of picking. Why not have packing stations in country towns and organise the children into picking parties. The children will enjoy the fun.—M. E. Stacey, Heathfield Farm, Tavistock.

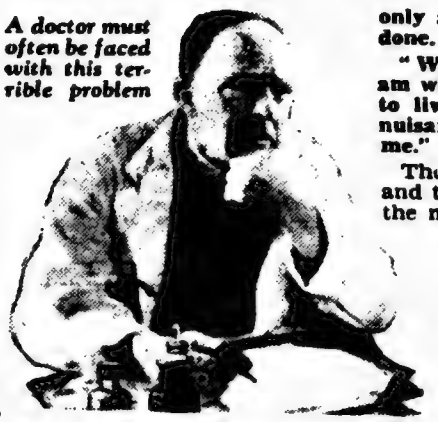
★ ★ ★

I am asked to make salvage of my braces and my tobacco pouch if they are made of rubber. Yet there are heaps of old rubber tyres lying about uncollected for the children to play with.—G. Morgan, Bradwell Lane, Wolstanton, Staffs.

★ ★ ★

Victor Higgens, aged forty-nine, of Waltham, near Melton Mowbray, is probably the only blind member of the Home Guard. He has a first-rate knowledge of Morse, ears keener than most of us, and an uncanny sense of direction. Higgens takes part in regular route marches, without the aid of a stick. Recently he climbed alone, about 127 ft. up the steeple of the local church, to attend to the damaged weathervane. That's the spirit.—R. E. Wood, Oadby, Leicester.

HUMANIST TALKS TO MAN WHO



A doctor must often be faced with this terrible problem

IF a man is getting near the end of his allotted span and is suffering from an incurable disease which causes intense pain, why is it considered a crime to put him out of his misery? And why, if he begs to be put to sleep, does the doctor refuse to do it?

Here is a letter from a man of sixty-three which reached me recently:

"For more than two years," *he writes*, "I have known that my trouble cannot be cured. I have been in hospital twice and am continually under the doctor. I am suffering from premature hardening of the arteries, spinal and cerebral, and am slowly losing the power of my feet and legs.

"My eyesight and hearing are also affected. I have asked my doctor to tell me frankly about myself. He says it is only a matter of time and that nothing can be done.

"Why prolong the agony? Why not, when I am willing, practise euthanasia? I have nothing to live for. I am a burden to myself and a nuisance and expense to those who are attending me."

The answer is that in the eyes of the Church and the law human life is held to be sacred. In the middle of world slaughter this may sound a trifle ironical, but the fact remains that to take the man's life would be regarded as a crime as well as a sin.

The whole idea of euthanasia is highly controversial. Some people think it would be both sane and merciful to put a hopeless sufferer to sleep, but others are afraid that it would open the door to all kinds of abuses. It would give unscrupulous people an opportunity to put an unwanted relative out of the way.

There would be uncompromising hostility from all the Churches. In their eyes both the doctor and the willing victim would be guilty of destroying a Divine gift. The writer of the letter will have to endure with all the patience and fortitude he possesses.

"I WOULD like to help an old-fashioned couple I am sorry for," *says another reader*, "and I hope you can help me. They have one daughter, who nags at them incessantly. This has only happened since she received a college education—at the cost of great self-sacrifice on their part.

"This old couple speak in a broad dialect and this annoys the daughter. She is for ever 'picking them up' for

Surprises Behind India's Wrangle

Skilled Indian craftsmen are "going to it" in big factories, and output is leaping

NEW BATTLEFIELDS: IV.—Threat of war, swirling perilously near India, has transformed Calcutta into a garrison city toiling hard to prepare the country for any emergency.—By HAROLD A. ALBERT

AMERICAN V.G. flyers and Indian ferry pilots, Chinese officers and Dutch submarine skippers drink up hurriedly nowadays in the bar of the Grand Hotel. They've no time to stay long. The electric fans whirl ceaselessly, but war is getting hotter in Calcutta.

A playboy prince turned up as usual for a dance the other day, but his sleeves had an "Airborne" tape. He had joined the new Indian paratroops.

Where rajahs and their retinues once holidayed in state, brown-skinned typists work far into the night charting the memorandum of India's quickening war-wheels.

Down the road, a big shop had to be closed last year owing to Nationalist picketing. Now a constant queue winds through the doors.

It's a recruiting office.

That's how the tables have suddenly turned in India.

38,000 men tried to fill 3,000 recent vacancies for air mechanics. Over 1,500,000 have volunteered for the Indian army. 2,000 more turn up every day. And the figures are doubling . . .

In Dacca Gaol a group of political prisoners—avowed and stubborn enemies of Britain—called for pen and paper and signed a new manifesto.

"Against the Japs," they declared, "we must support the British. This is India's greatest hour!"

Indian politicians are saying they'd like to see Sir Stafford Cripps again. This time he could not fail . . .

The Other Side

They're saying in Calcutta that he spent too much time in Bombay and Delhi last trip. They'd like to show him the other side of India.

That means the Calcutta that sent a thousand million sandbags to Britain—as a first order!—the assembly lines that are turning out 20,000,000 different implements of war to fight Hitler every year.

Hot air in Bombay is one stripe in the Indian tiger. Calcutta has another in Shanta Apte's latest film at one of the big super-cinemas. Shanta is one of the most popular native film stars, and public opinion talks in the trailer of her newest picture. "The nation was her home" flash the blurbs on the screen. "She did not get panicky—but acted decisively—in her Non-Violent Fight against Aggression!"

Non-violence itself doesn't always see eye-to-eye with Western logic.

"I dunno!" said a Tommy, scratching his head as a string of native-made howitzers rumbled through the pill-boxed streets, "I thought India wasn't in the war!"

But "non-violents" built a toluene plant to make India self-sufficient in high explosives.

Hundreds of Ships

In the shipyards on the Hooghly they've helped make hundreds of naval craft for the United Nations.

And the Tata steel works is the largest single steel unit in the British Empire.

Last year chemists asserted that, owing to climatic conditions, a certain type of wire could never be produced in India.

Now they're turning it out by the mile.

Iron-ore output before the war was 3,000,000 tons. Tata to-day maintains its output.

"Makes you homesick!" wisecracked a Burma-toughened Manchester lad, staring at Calcutta's massed factory chimneys.

Then he met a Leeds boy who'd been through nine clothing factories and seen 30,000 tailors turning out 5,000,000 Army garments a month . . .

"We can make it!" was Calcutta's pun on blitzed London's motto. This year they're saying: "We can take it, too!"

In the Grand Hotel, Lamjit Singh, a reception clerk, can tell an inside story. When the Jap blows fell on Burma only one road to India served the thousands of foot-sore refugees.

Water was scanty, sanitation non-existent.

Cholera broke out.

Singh's entire family joined a committee to meet the grim problem. Over mountains and morass they organised a new road, with rest-centres and sleeping-camps, each with a doctor.

Then they ruthlessly reorganised the old route and stamped out infection.

Perfect Organisation

Never before in anti-Axis war had refugees been shifted with such firm precision. 400,000 Indians soon poured home across the frontier.

Malayans and Burmese joined the stream, but Calcutta has its own measures against the Fifth Column.

Thousands of native patriots have joined the new Civic Guards. In every street—and every outlying village—placards tell how to distinguish Japs from Chinese.

"The Chinese are well-proportioned. The Jap is short—often bow-legged." So it goes, and Indians have learned the catalogue by heart. What's more, they've learned more about the English these past weeks than in a lifetime.

Into the Hooghly come the grey and battered ships of war. 40,000 Indian seamen have run the gauntlet of the Jap U-boats in the Indian Ocean.

They're "lascars" no longer to the British merchant seamen, with whom they work and fight . . .

And with whom, it may be added, they show the utmost gallantry and courage.

They never complain. Torpedoes and shipwrecks are to them but minor incidents in the business of life, incidents which have to be met with no more than an Oriental shrug, a gesture of resignation.

Mr. Gandhi's new campaign of non-co-operation finds no adherents among such men.

Nor among the industrial workers of the great city.

Calcutta is 100 per cent. in the war. Its docks, its streets, its factories, its newspapers all convince you of that.

What is more, it is a city in a hurry. The good-natured but hopeless apathy of the East is no more in evidence in Calcutta than in Chungking. For Calcutta knows that India is no less imperilled than battling China.

Calcutta was once a Chicago of terrorists. Now it is a garrison city, crammed with Tommies and Aussies. Once it was overstuffed with *pukka-sahibs*. 1942's petrol rationing mingles white men and brown on the pavements.

Khaki-clad newcomers sometimes blink at the sight of the old bazaars razed to the ground.

Not the Japs

"Didn't know the Japs had been!" they say.

"No Japs! Slum clearance!" they're briefly told. And in the ruins the Civic Guards practise.

When the first monsoon thunderclap heralded the rains Calcutta's 2,000,000 went to their air raid shelters. They knew it wasn't ack-ack. They were just dress-rehearsing.

"We're ready for war!" Lamjit Singh tells the rain-weary war correspondents, "even if we're not digging trenches!"

And the newsmen grin. You can't dig trenches in water, and Calcutta has been built upon marshes.

It grows muddier every moment. Muddier and safer. "The more squelchy the mud," says Lamjit Singh, in his bookish English, "the swifter the pace of our preparedness, sirs, for what may be coming . . ."

WANTS TO DIE

not being more refined, and the worst of it is she does it before company. It makes them very miserable. We read a great deal about the value of education, but what about the value of good manners?"

It can be assumed that this old-fashioned couple have always talked in their native dialect, and it is impossible for them to begin speaking otherwise at their time of life. It is ridiculous of the daughter to expect it. Criticising them in the presence of visitors shows a deplorable lack not only of good manners but of human feeling.

The girl has been to college, but I don't think she is fully educated. She has picked up certain superficial qualities, including a so-called refined speech, but she has no sense of values. I am certain that a really educated man or woman could talk to the old couple and make them feel quite at home. No gentleman or lady would make them feel embarrassed or "small."

What can the parents do? I suggest that they would be happier if the daughter went to live in rooms with one of her former college friends. If I were her father I should deliver an ultimatum: "Either take us as we are and stop trying to reform us, or—go away and leave us in peace!"

IF YOU ARE QUOTED

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

WHEN I wrote several weeks ago about a woman who flung a rotten egg on the floor of a shop I received many letters from readers expressing their opinion on the matter. The following is one of the best letters in defence of shoppers:

"Although it was a disgusting action," *writes a woman*, "I cannot believe that the shopkeeper was entirely blameless. The customer must have been goaded to a considerable extent. Only one person in a hundred would behave so drastically. The rest would resign themselves and say nothing.

"Do you think a woman would begrudge the loss of a twopenny egg? Most of us have seen how humble and grateful are the buyers, rarely questioning the prices charged, and how arrogant are some of the salesmen. In my town it is quite usual to see one particular shopkeeper shouting at dozens of helpless-looking women whose only fault is eagerness to be served.

"A little farther along a sarcastic tomato-man holds court! Please do not think me unduly vindictive. I am disinterested, being rationed with relatives, who treat me with civility and kindness. But I do say that housewives have a full-time job to-day with cooking, cleaning, shopping, etc., in intervals of war work. Is it any wonder that nerves get overstrung, resulting in scenes such as the egg incident?"

Letters denouncing the woman were in the majority, however, and most of them repeated my description of her conduct as "uncivilised."

SAVING NOT ENOUGH

ALTHOUGH most people are now salvaging old paper as a matter of course, it is strange, yet true, that we are all inclined to be needlessly extravagant in the use of *new* paper.

Take the simple matter of letter-writing, for instance. The Post Office has been keeping a check on recent mails and has discovered that only one letter in ten is sent in a used envelope.

This may not sound very serious, but did you know that new envelopes now being manufactured form about 15 per cent. of the pre-war supply?

With reasonable care in opening and resealing an envelope can be reused several times.

There is rarely any need to use a new envelope—except perhaps for letters going overseas or by registered post.

So please remember that *saving* is not enough. It is just as important to avoid wasting paper in any form.

If you know of examples of waste, whether by members of the public or by local authorities, send us a postcard.

We cannot enter into correspondence, but your complaint will be passed on for appropriate action.

JARS REPLACE TUBES

(*Owing to metal shortage.*)

But nothing can replace the OLIVE OIL SHAVE

The metal that used to make its tubes is now helping to win the war. But though it must now be packed in a different container, you will find that Palmolive is still the same *olive oil* shaving cream.

Multiplies itself 250 times in lather. Softens beard in one minute. Maintains its creamy fulness for at least 10 minutes. Its strong bubbles hold bristles erect for shaving. Its olive oil content braces and tones the skin.

1/6d and 2/6d INCLUDING TAX

Put healthy gums beyond question

protect gums as well as teeth with

Even a speck of blood on your toothbrush means danger! Don't ignore this warning of gum-bleeding (gingivitis) and gum-rot (pyorrhœa); use 'S.R.' Toothpaste which contains Sodium Ricinoleate, the dentist's own remedy for gum troubles. Regular use of 'S.R.' helps to ensure healthy gums as well as sound teeth.

New Size 1/3 *including tax*

★ Return all empty metal tubes to your retailer and help the RED CROSS & ST. JOHN FUND

S.R. TOOTHPASTE

BR 117-9-55 D. & W. GIBBS LIMITED, LONDON

LAST LAUGH

S. N. (Edgware).—"The advice I got from a Harley Street physician was worth pounds to me." And doubtless guineas to him.

M. K. (Cheam).—"The majority of schools in Bremen have had to close down." And just when the children were learning to count up to a thousand planes, too.

P. E. (Southwick).—"Give me a wife who will do a spot of war work and also look after the house." Sorry, but we haven't one to spare.

B. Y. (Wraysbury).—"Size means nothing when one is growing vegetables." Our neighbour's marrows are bigger than ours, too.

I. D. (Bourne End).—"Our banking system is far from perfect." That's what we thought after an interview with our bank manager regarding an overdraft.

L. A. (Sevenoaks).—"I hate to see a man walking about with his chin slumped down on his chest." Still, the poor fellow deserves sympathy if his wife has purloined all his ties to trim her summer frocks.

Miss K. (Uttoxeter).—"I refused to marry him a week ago and he has been drinking heavily ever since." That's rather foolish. A week is far too long for a celebration.

U. J. (Ashbourne).—"A German broadcaster recently said that Berlin editors are free to write what they like." Yes, until they write what they like.

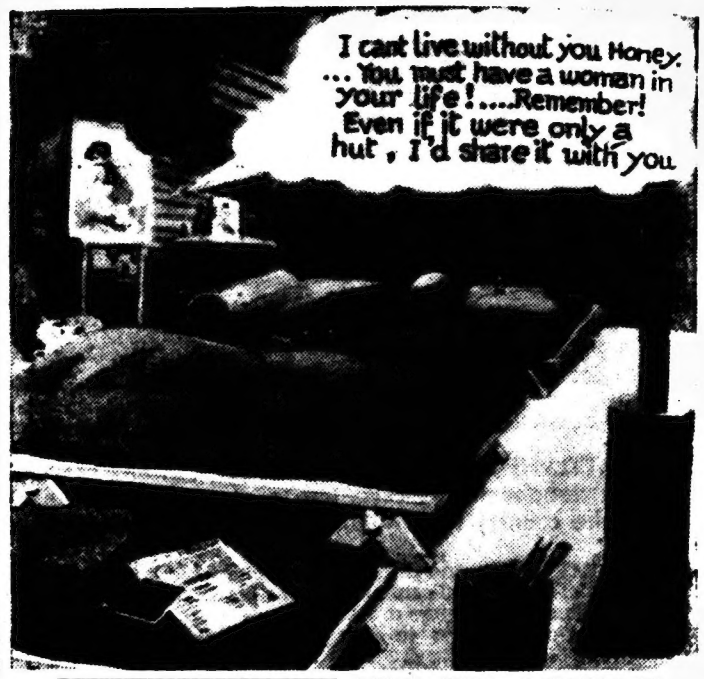
R. F. (Leytonstone).—"Meteorological forecasts are forbidden." Nevertheless we venture to predict that it will be cooler in December and by about March an official statement will corroborate this.

G. T. (Accrington).—"I remember going to a fancy dress dance before the war at which everybody represented a nursery rhyme, but one girl in a very daring evening frock puzzled everybody as to what she was supposed to be." Perhaps she was Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

B. C. (Purley).—"A story has been circulating in America that Hitler is married." But it is more generally believed that he looks like that because of war worry.

CECIL (Torquay).—"I am not going to worry about what people think of me." You are not given to worrying about nothing.

MARGARET (Romford).—"I think the average woman wears better than the average man." But not so much.



BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

That's the worst of trying to go to sleep early in a hut next the one they use for Movies . . .

H. V. (Huddersfield). — "My hobby is collecting old jewellery. It took me ten years to get some of the specimens." Some collectors get the specimens first and the ten years afterwards.

A. N. (Canterbury).—"My young lady's father kicked me downstairs, so I am going to give her up." And find another one who lives in a bungalow?

O. W. (Salisbury).—"I maintain that a man is legally entitled to look inside his wife's handbag." So all he needs is the pluck.

ARTIST (Chelsea).—"I was about to use a small piece of national bread to clean a drawing when there was a thunderous knock at the studio door." Lord Woolton?

H. H. (Putney):—"He started life as an errand-boy, and now he is one of the most sought-after film and radio writers in America." Apparently he still delivers the goods.

JOE (Battersea).—"In Hyde Park the other day a spouter bragged of having lived half his life in Dartmoor prison. He ought to have been ashamed to own it." But he didn't own it. He was only a lodger.

U. S. SOLDIER (London).—"I find that English waiters are very phlegmatic." Try ordering a glass of orange juice for breakfast.

C. M. (Bungay).—"After all, what does a fruit picker get after working eight hours in the broiling sun?" Thirsty.

GREATEST OF THESE

● Although Thomas Stephens, aged seventy-five, did not see active service in the last war, he was called up under the Derby scheme at the age of fifty.

Two sons served in the 1914/1918 conflict. The eldest is now critically ill in a sanatorium, never having been free from lung trouble since an attack of poison gas. Two younger sons are now in the Army.

This sorely tried man has recently lost his wife, after a long and painful illness. His own health is far from good.

Mr. Stephens' sole income is 20s. 6d. a week, out of which he pays 7s. 6d. rent.

The vicar of the parish speaks highly of the personal character of this applicant, and we feel sure that our sympathetic readers will be anxious to send a donation to help him. Letters earmarked "Four Sons," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* **BOX 44, 64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2** (please note new address). They will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Every penny sent is passed to those in need, for all administration expenses are borne by JOHN BULL.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

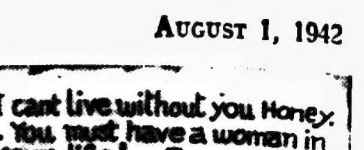
Side-Slips

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"An order for payment of the £4 10s. and 4s. 6d. costs forthwith was made, in default 25 days' IMPROVEMENT. The money was paid."

PURLEY AND COULSDON ADVERTISER:—"A young man resident in Addiscombe, now making his third attempt to grow a BEAR. . . ."

EVENING STANDARD: — "MINTS were also laid in enemy waters, state the Air Ministry."

DAILY DISPATCH: "He crossed the Atlantic to Foynes in the new Sikorski flying-GOAT Excalibur."



Result of "BULLETS" 1,332

FIRST PRIZE £50

A. M. Johnston, 16, Johnston Tce., Edinburgh, for this "Bullet":

WORLD WE DREAM OF
WHEN SENSE EQUALS SCIENCE.

£20: F. R. Smith, 14, Police Quarters, Bull Point, St. Budeaux, Plymouth.
To Save Fuel—Turn Out—Turn In!

£10: L. Gittleman, 21, Oak Road, Leeds.
In The Army—Weeks Rehearsing Bresslaw's "Invasion"!

£5: Mrs. A. R. Venters, Woodlands Farm, Welling, Kent.
Better Pay—"Brass" That "Brightens" Evenings.

£4: Mrs. M. A. Jay, 110, Woodhouse Rd., Wheatley, Doncaster.
The Real Gangsters—Just Seem—Justice Coming.

£3: D. Currie, 72, Waterloo St., Glasgow.
Better Pay—For All—For Always!

£2: R. Gilbert, Bagington, Coventry.
Fruits Of Victory—World Like Tinned Orange.

10s.: Mrs. E. Brayshaw, 76, Manby Wood Rd., Burnley.
What Will Happen When—We Invade? Scaling-ladders, Beards!

9s.: A. C. Williams, 73, Estcourt Rd., Fulham, S.W.6.
Is Double Harness—"Bill" Difficult? Don't "Bible"!

8s.: C. Dobson, 1, Ringby, Boothtown Rd., Halifax.
Not Yet—Triumphant—But Faithful, Joyful

7s.: Miss E. Bertram, 62, Hamilton Rd., Sheffield.
Sticking To His Position—Breakfast—So "Fuel-less" Lost.

6s.: Mrs. W. J. Tucker, 108, Bevois Valley, Southampton.
Sticking To His Guns—Dad, Declaring Rifle's Cracked!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 5s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT IN XWORD 284

WINNING WORDS: 1. Chance. 2. Win. 3. Rag. 4. Cool. 5. Run. 6. Sly. 7. Rap. 8. Smile. 9. Loan. 10. Have. 11. Clap. 12. Old. 13. Chips. 14. Stage of Stain.

WINNER OF £100:—J. GREY, Strathearn, Suffolk Rd., S. Bournemouth. Awards value £50 shared between following 17 Runners-up: A. W. Barwood; S. Cummins; J. C. Daniels; D. Davis; J. T. Grimstone; L. R. Grundy; C. Hill; Mrs. A. I. Hunter; F. Hoyle; I. Newton, Sen.; M/S A. Nilson; J. R. Slater; D. Smith; A. Spencer; Mrs. Thompson; R. J. White; Mrs. A. Wilson.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340

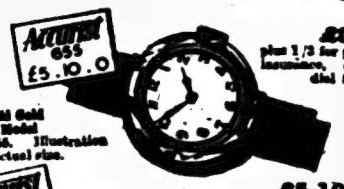
REMARKABLE OPPORTUNITIES IN

FULLY GUARANTEED Accurist HALL-MARKED SOLID GOLD WATCHES

LAWRENCE SEDER & CO., LTD., can offer a further limited supply of the "ACCURIST" Models illustrated below. Owing to the fact that these stocks are limited, only one watch can be sent to any one address.

9 ct. Solid Gold Gent's Model No. 625.

£8-0-0 plus 1/3 for packing, postage, insurance, etc. Luminous dial 5/- extra.



9 ct. Solid Gold Ladies' Model No. 655. Illustration actual size.

£5-10-0 plus 1/3 for packing, postage, insurance, etc.

9 ct. Solid Gold Gents' Model No. 646. £8-15-0 plus 1/3 for packing, postage, insurance, etc. Luminous dial 5/- extra.

Remember when buying an "ACCURIST" you receive the following

- A 12 months' unconditional guarantee and free repair service.
- A specially examined Swiss jewelled movement individually timed and bench tested.
- A movement shock and vibration proof.
- London made, 9-carat hall-marked solid gold dust-proof case.
- An unbreakable domed glass.
- The finest quality leather strap or moire band.

TIME IS VITAL INVEST IN AN "ACCURIST"

Lawrence Seder AND COMPANY LIMITED

DEPT. V.V.I., 92, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

NOTE.—If you are not completely satisfied, your money will be refunded in full on return of the watch.

FALSE TEETH and worth-while advice

Do not suffer unnecessary pain and embarrassment by wearing a badly fitting denture. Try sprinkling the contact surface with KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, a tasteless white powder which will hold it firmly and comfortably in correct position. Also keep your plate clean and fresh by brushing regularly with KOLYNOS DENTURE *POWDER*, recommended by dentists for removal of stains and food debris.

Obtainable from all Chemists Fixative 1/3d. & 3/3d.; Powder 1/3d.

Thanks to Fennings

CHILDREN'S POWDERS EFFECTIVE and HARMLESS

FROM YOUR CHEMIST SINGLY OR IN BOXES 1/3 and 3/-

Prevent Convulsions Check Teething Setbacks

WRITE: Alfred Fennings, Cowes, I. of W., for copy of 'EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK,' post free

CASH and many other PRIZES VALUE OVER £325 for XWORDS and BULLETS

ENTER HERE for XWORDS

£100 First Prize and Awards value £25 between Runners-up. For results of Xwords No. 284, see page 14. To win in this week's Competition, study clues carefully and enter on Coupon below.

	Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1	ONE LEFT ANGRY IF WORSE PLAYER, BY LOW CUNNING, STEALS THIS	MA CH			
2	VICTIM OF ROAD ACCIDENT MAY EXPECT THIS WHEN AMBULANCE COMES	HEL			
3	FISHERMAN WOULD REGARD THIS AS A BIT OF GOOD LUCK	IND			
4	IT CAUSES DISTINCTLY AWKWARD FEELING WHEN ONE BREAKS DOWN	CH IR			
5	PEOPLE GENERALLY ATTACH WEIGHT TO	ASH			
6	SOME ENGLISHMEN SERVING ABROAD PICTURE RURAL ENGLAND AS THIS	QUI T			
7	OCCASIONALLY YOU MAY COME ACROSS WOOLLY ONE	EST			
8	POOR ONE IS OFTEN WIDELY READ	MA			
9	SUITABLE DRESSING CAN MAKE BIG DIFFERENCE TO UGLY ONE	S AR			
10	EVEN SHOT IN THE DARK BY ONE HITS TARGET OCCASIONALLY	BO B			
11	IT'S GROSSLY UNFAIR TO PIN THIS ON INNOCENT MAN	L BEL			
12	MAKES MANY MEN VULNERABLE	CHI K			
13	WHEN CONTINUOUS, NATURALLY PREVENTS BLADE BEING AS BRIGHT	AIN			
14	EXPERIENCED DEALER WILL GENERALLY GET ROUND ONE	FA ER			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Aug. 22.

P.O. Value.....CLOSING POSTMARK

No. ..... MONDAY, AUG. 10

Signed .....

Address.....

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets" —see entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, and in this case aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one person. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., ; write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the conditions that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated Aug. 29, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

ENTER HERE for BULLETS 1ST PRIZE £50 CASH

£20, £10, 100s., 80s., 60s., 40s., 38s., 34s., 34s., 32s., 30s., 20 of 10s., 50 of 2s. 6d., 1,000 Merit Awards.

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any "Example." First Prize Joy Wire goes Friday, Aug. 21. Before starting on your efforts for coupon below, study the good points of the leading "Bullets" in our 1,332nd Contest on page 14.

USE ANY of THESE "EXAMPLES"

SEEDS OF VICTORY
PRESSING PROBLEM
WON'T WIN THE WAR
IN THE BLOOD
OUR TANKS
WHAT WE SAVE
TIME
FIGHTING FRANCE
RISKING A LOT
AGAINST THE LAW
JUST FOR FUN
MUCKING ABOUT
IN A HURRY

HE'S A FIGHTER, SO
ALONG THE SEA LANES
CLEAR OUT THE DUDS AND
FROM THE BATTLEFIELD
CURIOUSLY ENOUGH
LEFT IN THE DARK,
KEEP ON KEEPING ON AND

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

PEEP INTO THE.....
NEW KIND OF.....
MUST GET.....
NOT TO BE.....
MADE DAD.....
TURNING ON THE.....

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated August 22.

P.O. Value.....

No. .....

Closing Postmark 1,336 Monday, Aug. 10.

Signed .....

Address.....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,336—or Xword No. 285, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comply)

BRAKE SAFELY WITH A COASTER

A simple backward pressure with the foot will stop you SAFELY in a second.

With a PERRY COASTER HUB you'll ride EASILY . . . with both hands free for steering or signalling. No adjustments to make. Just a drop of oil once every two months.

FULLY COVERED BY THE PERRY GUARANTEE

PERRY

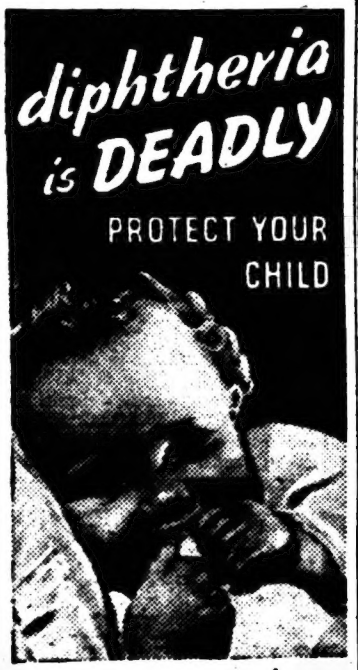
COASTER HUB

FREE WHEEL AND BACK PEDAL BRAKE

for natural pedalling

diphtheria is DEADLY

PROTECT YOUR CHILD



Have your child immunised FREE—*the sooner after the first birthday the better.* Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

If your feet hurt —get CRO·PAX

Whatever your trouble, there are 30 scientifically designed CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS to bring you instant relief and a speedy cure. No need to suffer any longer.

CRO·PAX FOOT AIDS are within the reach of all, from 3d. to 10d. each. Obtainable from BOOTS, TIMOTHY WHITES, all chemists . . . and all WOOLWORTHS STORES.

SPLENDOR LTD. Nottingham & London C24

CORN CAPS Bring instant relief and speedy cure to painful deep-rooted corns. Per Packet 10d. (Inc. P.T.)

NO PAIN AFTER MEALS

—thanks to friend, who advised MOORLAND DIGESTION TABLETS

"I must ... never had any pain si... I am sending you a postcard ... another sufferer. I gave him two Moorland tablets and he said the same as I do. He said he eats better and has no pains so he and I are passing on the information."

(Signed) H. W., Manchester.

★ *Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred conditions of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 6½d. and 1/8d. including tax.*

SPEND LESS on yourself –
LEND MORE to your country

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Inner Cleanliness with Andrews is the simple health rule. Millions rely on Andrews, the quality is always the same. Now one size only, 8 ozs. for 1/10½d, including purchase tax.

(22)

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including PurchaseTax). Only genuine if the signature, ALEX C. MACLEAN, appears on the package.

Smokers' 'Fur'

How to detect it- How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling? Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth.

Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing ★ 'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

1/1d., and 1/10½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Sold everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

YOU can SLEEP TONIGHT!

Nature means you to sleep. Sleeplessness comes because mind and body are out of harmony. It's then that 'ASPRO' is needed. **'ASPRO' brings harmony back—brings deep, refreshing, natural sleep.** No doping, drugging or habit-forming. **No harm to heart or stomach.** A night's deep, natural sleep follows. There's no need, either, to long for relief from headaches, pain, nerve strain, etc., during the heat of the day. **You will GET relief with 'ASPRO'.** The safe, swift action of 'ASPRO' is due to the one simple fact that NO MAN is naturally unhealthy—that health is a matter of restoring Nature's forces. **'ASPRO' helps Nature—dispenses with troubles and pain—brings comfort, peace of mind.** Its service to the people seems almost unlimited. Many are saved from lying up—helped to carry on with the job—producing the nation's vital needs.

'ASPRO' IS SYMPATHY & HEALING POWER IN TABLET FORM

'ASPRO' BRINGS GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP

Mrs. W., of Ketton, Stamford, Lincs., writes:—"I had been unwell and depressed the whole of the day. I felt hot and miserable. All I wanted to do was lie down. I suffer quite a lot with my chest. I could hardly breathe. My head was bad and I was feeling fed up. I took 2 'ASPRO' tablets. I had not had them long before I felt my head clearing, and I could breathe heaps better. Well, I can tell you I was thunderstruck—I was delighted and felt so much happier. I took 2 more before I went to bed and I slept the whole night through, a thing I have not done for weeks and weeks. I got up this morning with no headache and could breathe properly. In fact, I do not feel like the same woman. It is wonderful to get a good night's rest and wake up so fresh."

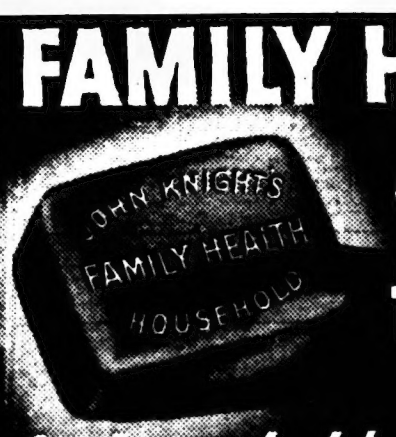
Nerves Steadied Sleeps Like a Top

Mr. MAURICE ATKINSON, of 13, Furness Park Road, Barrow, writes:—"After a long 'lay-off' from activity 'ASPROS' have done more to steady my nerves than anything. I may add that at night I am never without my 'ASPROS'—result is I 'sleep like a top.'"

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.

'ASPRO' PRICES WITHIN THE REACH OF ALL 3½ 6½ 1/3½ 2/6½

FAMILY HEALTH comes first...



for household & family use

JOHN KNIGHT LTD.—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1779

ECZEMA

It's no use trying to hide ugly spots and blemishes. There's only one way to get rid of disfiguring skin disease. That is to cleanse the pores of the blood and impurities that cause the trouble. D.D.D. Prescription will do this quickly and completely. This soothing, healing liquid antiseptic is invaluable in all cases of eczema, dermatitis, rashes, spots and pimples, also for cuts, burns, scalds, and slight wounds. Sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/6d. per bottle.

D.D.D. Prescription

Printed in Great Britain and Published Weekly by the Proprietors, ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agencies for Australia & New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Agents for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., also Canadian Wholesale Newsdealers' Association, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.

J.B.L. 239 ★ 226